



SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

PERHAPS it may be putting us in a trivial attitude with regard to a great subject, but after all it is difficult to grasp any large thing without being subjectively receptive—that is, being able to feel the large thing in the small way. When we try to realize the peace propositions of two great nations and the sinister designs which have been sufficient to close the war, we get at the great proposition of peace-making. All of us have quarrels; I think it is not too wide a statement to say that we all desire peace. Peace is that sort of thing that maketh for quietness and gentleness; quarrelling is rascally and vulgar. If we know of a neighbor who quarrels with his wife, or have on our street a wife who quarrels with her husband, instinctively we dislike them. The world was evidently founded to work on harmonious lines, and yet it has displayed itself in all kinds of efforts for mastery. When the God we believe in, no matter what the details of our belief may be, manifested Himself on earth, it was the doctrine of the Peace which Passeth all Understanding which was proclaimed. This seems to me to be the thing we all desire and the thing which we so seldom accomplish. The beautiful philosophy which has brought this about in a struggle which has been so interesting brings us eye to eye with a philosophy which maketh for this sort of thing and a simpler life.

"The Peace which Passeth all Understanding" came to me as an indefinite something the other night. For nearly two weeks I had not been at peace with myself and consequently was out of harmony with the world. Possessed of an intense power of suffering and something which seems to require enjoyment, I differ with myself and my neighbors as to how the things should be worked out. Sometimes my stomach seems to be the trouble; this involves the nerves. For no one can have a quiet conscience and unhappiness of co-ordination. The peace which Japan has made with Russia seems to mean the sort of thing meant by the Peace which Passeth all Understanding. Nobody's stomach or nerves seem to have been permitted to interfere with the settlement which Japan made with Russia. M. Witte, on the other hand, has certainly made a display of himself. A Child of the People, he has permitted his lack of training to obtrude. His joy at his apparent success swamped him; in a diplomatic sense he giggled, shook hands with himself, and then roared with boisterous recognition of the first Peace HE has brought about. Glad as we must all be to see so large and unsophisticated a man as M. Witte pushed to the front of Russian affairs, we must recognize his limitations and understand that Peace as it came was one that Passeth Understanding and was from above, not from M. Witte. Do any of us understand the pleasure we feel in Japan's success? Better, perhaps, to say in our enjoyment of the fact that Japan was not discomfited, that the little people beat the big ones, and neither numbers nor immensity overwhelmed.

I have not seen it anywhere else, and I know I worked but for myself a theorem which reverses many of our propositions. Infinity does not consist of immensity in the sense of magnitude. The mountain and the ocean cannot move and control except in a destructive sense. The huge things may fall upon us or destroy us by some upheaval, but do not benefit us by any upheaval or evolution. Infinity, the ultimate essence of greatness and possibility, is in the reversal of ordinary understood conditions of power. It is in the infinity of littleness. The huge indestructibility of matter is in atoms, not mountains. The final divisibility of an atom of radium is the extent of our knowledge, not the extent of our travels. It has been wisely said that "much reading maketh a full man, much writing an accurate man, much speaking a ready man, and much travel a wise man." In this formula, thought, study and a regard to what is and must inevitably be, have little place. And yet it is everything. I used to try with all my childish imagination to create, so I could see and worship it, a God a billion miles high, with a hand of vengeance or beneficence as huge as North America. I have loved the mountains, the ocean and the restless volumes of water as a Pantheist worships trees and thinks that things are because they couldn't be otherwise. This in itself is not an intelligible or intelligent faith, because the elemental objects do not move nor have they power over space. Accepting, as I do now, the theory that Infinity is only discoverable as we recede into Littleness, I find a God who is really Infinite, that is the essence of all things, being the ultimate particle and component of all things. Passing away beyond the subtlety of electricity, heat, light, the transference of thought, we find in radium a powerful action concentrative of all, yet active and in conjunction with the gelatin of beef in a sterilized condition, apparently capable of producing life. The experiment in this connection is by a year more recent than my own deduction, and I welcome it as a material lesson proving that size, hugeness, mere magnitude, are not evidences of God. Wherever there is life there is God; wherever there is God there is life. The overwhelming God quality is not existent in mountains and valleys as we go out to see them in our summering and are overpowered by them in our lingerings with them. The real godlike thing passeth all understanding; is not hindered either by mountains or ocean; finds no obstructions in walls or any material things; is not weakened by distance nor bounded by obstacles; God is pervading, omnipresent, omnipotent, a part of us, and we are part of Him in the sense that all or any of us is God, and all of God that we can understand is that part of Him that is a part of us.

This seems strangely out of place in a discussion of the "peace that passeth understanding" which Japan has concluded. In the great evolution of affairs the little things and the little people grow in magnitude as the purposes to which they are put are made greater. The pervading power of Japan is now known, the mountain-like immensity of Russia is not recognizable as a factor in world government. To go further with the argument would be an obvious failure to recognize the imagination of the reader, or to tire out the reason of those who must have been able to follow a simple thought.

THE Canadian West, with its millions upon millions of acres, open, unbounded, unlimited to the eye, gives even to an unimaginative traveller a freshened enthusiasm for all that is big and broad and free in nature and in human life. Yet we have just witnessed the preposterously incongruous spectacle of the leaders of a great political party making the West the stage whereon to repudiate all that was large and fine in their past, and to present a political farce at a time when the country looked for an historic drama. In the establishment of the two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, the Governments of which were inaugurated at Edmonton and Regina during the past week, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues have displayed a smallness of vision that is appalling and a narrowness of partisanship that is perhaps without a parallel in the history of Canada. While the newspapers are discussing the situation purely from the viewpoint of the politician, it is perhaps well to remember that greater forces than political hocus-pocus enter into the adjustment of public affairs. Mr. Haultain, the man who above all others stands for the broad and generous spirit of the West, has been ignored in the formation of the new Provincial Governments, but it is encouraging to note that his figure looms larger than ever in the public eye. Happily, the human mind is so constituted that, sooner or later, the thing that is true and right and the man who is sincere and strong will win recognition and public approval. In due time Mr. Haultain will fill the place in Canadian affairs for which he is best fitted, and those

who seek his political death will inevitably meet their own. Alberta and Saskatchewan will bear the marks of political manipulation, but their ultimate destiny cannot be ignoble.

TO Mr. S. E. Sangster, Private Secretary to Dr. Bryce, Chief Medical Inspector for Canada (Immigration and Indian Affairs), I am indebted for the following interesting letter with regard to the progress of the Canadian Indians:

The forward movement that has been inaugurated among the Indians of Canada for several years past is perhaps not generally known to many outside of officials immediately connected with the management and care of the "white man's burden."

It may be said here that the Indians of the Dominion who have entered into "treaty" with the Government and are thus under Government care and tutelage, numbered, on July 1st, 1904, some 110,000, this not taking into consideration the Indians of the Yukon and "non-treaty" Indians, numbering some 15,000 to 20,000 more.

The Government returns showed, on July 1st, 1903, the number of "treaty Indians" to be some 100,000, thus it is clearly and unquestionably shown that our Canadian Indians, unlike those of the United States, are increasing, despite the ravages of that awful plague which visits the Indian in its several forms, consumption. From the above statistics it is seen that there was an increase of some 8000 treaty Indians for the year July, 1903-July, 1904, and, as there has been less sickness and fewer deaths among them

greatest use to him, and that this is being faithfully carried out. Their religious and moral welfare is also carefully looked after, each denomination giving the schools under their care religious training according to the doctrines of their church.

Indians, that a few years ago were as ignorant and savage as in olden times, are now comparatively wealthy, having, in many cases, large herds of cattle, and in other instances large farms, with fine houses and barns and many acres of land under cultivation. Sometimes, although I am glad to say very rarely, one meets an Indian that will not, or can not, accustom himself to the white man's ways and who seems to prefer to remain, as of old, in dirt and ignorance and with a pagan form of worship; such, however, are becoming fewer each year and in a very short time all the red men will become as their white brothers in their mode of living.

Among other numerous incidents that might be quoted to show the improvement and progress of the Indian, I will point out one striking example. While it was the custom to issue rations to treaty Indians, in the North-West in particular, a few years ago, now it is rarely that a year passes that several bands do not become self-sustaining, thus obviating the necessity, in most cases, of supplying rations and, incidentally, an issuer of the same, and in other cases reducing the issue to less than half its former amount.

One of the drawbacks met with in educating the Indian as a farmer, is his indolence and habitual laziness, and a little story in connection with this might be given here; the author of this vouches for the truth of the following, which occurred a few years ago on a reserve in Alberta: "One day,

is more than prompt in establishing a quarantine, and in cases of such a nature in the North-West the Royal North-West Mounted Police are also prompt in rendering efficient aid. A perusal of the Department's blue book will show in detail how thorough and efficient the Indian medical attendance is and how careful the Department is in looking after the health of the poorer class of redskin.

So far as human foresight can predict, it is safe to state that, inside of a very few years, the Indian of Canadian frontier days will have disappeared and, in his stead, will arise a good class of farmers, that will be of use, not only to themselves, but to the country in general, farming their lands and earning a living, or working at one of the several trades they are taught at the schools; thus will the problem of the "white man's burden" be solved, and a good class of steady, industrious farmers or workmen will be evolved.

It has been the author's aim throughout the foregoing synopsis to omit all possible statistics, and so the subject is just touched upon; a study of the annual report will prove of interest to those at all interested in the welfare and progress of our Indians.

S. E. SANGSTER.

TAKE one thing with another, Russia has not got so much the best of the bargain as it appeared in the first announcement of the peace arrangements. Japan could not afford to appear as a heathen nation fighting for blood money and territory, and the diplomatic easing of the situation not only placed Russia in a position of selfish obstinacy, but left the Japanese plenipotentiaries in the attitude of courteous gentlemen who did not mind waiving \$1,000,000,000 of indemnity and other extraordinary material advantages in order to promote peace and stop the killing of tens of thousands of human beings. M. Witte will be recognized by Russia as a diplomatist of surpassing power, and as he more than any other Russian represents the people, his influence, both with the Czar and those who are to constitute the mock parliament, will be overwhelming. At the same time Japan's place as one of the great powers is assured. Her army has been demonstrated to be invincible and her navy mistress of the Oriental seas.

THE attempts of the telephone people to get public sentiment on their side and chloroform the newspapers at the same time is an interesting development of how corporations can win out when they are entirely in the wrong. It must seem strange to the readers of daily papers that the press is so much more actively engaged in arousing public sentiment favorable to corporations than in guarding the privileges of its readers. Nothing is too transparently untrue for the ordinary newspaper to publish as an advertisement, and if the advertisement be large enough the publisher is generally willing to editorially supplement the distortions of the advertiser. Nothing is more obvious than that the telephone proposition should be in the hands of the people who use it. People who telephone are not idiots or they would be in an asylum. To suggest that they are incapable of running the small concern which gives them communication with their neighbors is to cast a slur on those who buy their groceries and pay their rent and taxes and insurance without having a company to supervise these small domestic operations. It is doubtful if the Telephone Company has been trying to make itself appear to be a philanthropic institution, or to excuse its incursions into the rights of individuals. It has been successful in neither. If we cannot manage our telephone business without the aid of the Bell Telephone Company we are certainly an incapable set. That it does anything for us that we cannot do for ourselves is preposterous. It appears as if the education of those who are younger than people who would pretend to paternalize was all in the direction of making them playthings of corporations rather than units in organizations for their own good. The Telephone Talks have been failures except in the sense that these dabs of advertising have been so distinctly pasted on the editorial face that as soon as they cease the editors of the papers will assuredly express their opinions rather than be thought soiled envelopes thrown in the post-office so misdirected that they will go to the dead letter office.

THE attitude of the Asiatic mind is really the peril to which the Anglo-Saxon is being subjected. How this strong and beautiful method of thought is being applied to world making is what we desire to know. Last week I published a long communication from Mr. Barakatullah, who certainly understands the Asiatic situation. The communication which appeared last week was original and addressed to myself; the one which I give below was addressed to the New York Sun, a paper neither insignificant nor purposeless, and I copy it as a continuation of the idea of making the Anglo-Saxon world informed of what and why we do things, and of what and why the world, the other part of the world, does things. It is evident the person that we do not quite understand is also thinking things and working out a problem which concerns himself much more definitely than it concerns us.

The Yellow Peril.

The Subject Discussed From the Point of View of an Intelligent Oriental.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir, Mr. L. Feuilleant's able exposition of the yellow peril and equally able elucidation of means to ward off the same, in your paper of yesterday, are as interesting as they are puzzling to an Asiatic mind. If the Orientals remain indifferent to Western institutions, they are called reactionaries and a hindrance to the general advancement of mankind. But, on the other hand, when they try to fall into line with modern progress, their action is deemed as tantamount to an impending danger to Europe and America.

It will be difficult, to put it mildly, for your correspondent to prove the existence of a single well organized, aggressive, religious, movement throughout Asia which may be characterized with the spirit of "anti-European activity." The Orientals' attitude so far has been merely defensive, and they have been, even in the absence of proper means, able to withstand the aggression of Christian missionary propaganda. There is, however, one religious movement, originated in Persia, that has reached Europe and is making a considerable progress in this country. Its tenets are, however, to believe all the existing religions to be true in their origin, to forget all past animosities and to love all men as the children of the Most High.

He blames the powers for delegating men of science to teach the Japanese "to fashion the rods which to-day are turned against them." But he forgets the fact that whenever Europeans go to a new country they often go there under the pretense of civilizing the people of the country; there would be no markets opened for European manufacturers if the people did not acquire a taste for them. It is only possible in countries under direct European control to prohibit subject races from learning modern sciences. But the Japanese, being free from foreign tutelage and remotely situated from Europe, could not very well be prevented by the powers from learning modern sciences. Moreover, the Europeans looking upon the Japanese, as they do on others of the Oriental peoples, as merely an inferior Asiatic race, permitted them to learn the results of modern discoveries and inventions.

The remedy suggested by Mr. L. Feuilleant for the prevention of the yellow peril is more dangerous than the peril itself. He says that "the Old World and the New should form a close union to prevent by every means Japan from becoming the educator of China; it must prevent at any cost China from becoming the provider of



"Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."
—Tennyson.

for this year, indications all point to a greater increase for the present fiscal year.

The system of government and care of the Canadian Indian is, in brief, as follows: At Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, is the Department of Indian Affairs, with dependent offices at Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Victoria, B.C. Then as each band enters into "treaty" with the Government, which practically means when they come directly under the care and tutelage of the Government in all matters pertaining to their lands, sale and rental of same, mode of living and education and, in short, in all matters dealing with their welfare, they are placed on reserves, set aside for this purpose, each reserve directly under the supervision of an "Indian Agent," and several of these reserves are grouped together under an Inspector. There is a medical officer at or near each of these "Agencies," and also, in most cases in the North-West, a "farm instructor," who teaches them how to farm properly.

The Department is gradually, but surely, bringing about its avowed object, namely to teach the Indian ways by which he may become independent, making a living by farming, cattle-raising, carpentry, shoemaking, etc. Consumption, that fell destroyer, yearly claims many Indians as its prey, but a splendid medical force is now employed and a strong and skilled fight is being waged against that and other diseases partial to them. There are many schools for Indian children, divided into three classes, Industrial, Boarding and Day schools. These schools are built, some by the Department and some by the various religious denominations in Canada. The children are taught, in addition to the English language, arithmetic, spelling, drawing, etc.; how to farm; sow seed and harvest it; also boot-making, plastering, baking, and, in short, all the many common trades that may be used as a means of obtaining a livelihood. Something worth noting in the education of the Indian child is that he is different from the white in many respects. His perception is quicker, but he cannot reason well; for instance, he is a good architect and can sketch and draw well, but is slow in arithmetic and such subjects where reasoning is required. A great deal more could be said about Indian education, but space will not permit details being given; a full treatise may be found, however, in the Department's annual report. The whole thing may be summed up in that the Department's sole object is to educate the Indian in a way that will be of the

upon the prairie, after considerable persuasion, an Indian was induced to go to work cutting hay. He hitched his two horses to his mower, climbed into the seat and commenced to cut the grass. The sun, never overpoweringly hot in this far north, came out warm and comfortable. The Indian enjoyed it and continued cutting. As the day proceeded his enjoyment increased until it became overwhelmingly comfortable. He stopped cutting and got down from his seat to enjoy himself in ease and comfort in the long grass. After a short time spent thus a gopher, with its usual inquisitiveness, bobbed up, chirped at the mower and curiously watched the Indian, who, in return, watched the gopher. The chance to kill something aroused his natural instincts and his indolence vanished as mist before the sun. Cutting the gopher off from his retreat, he went after it with all his might and main. In, out and around the mower he chased the little gopher until he saw a chance, when swish went his whip; the horses, scared at the sound of the whip, dashed off, cutting hay at a terrific rate till the mower struck a large rock, when horses and machine were tossed into a tangled heap. Once more inertness came upon the redskin; easily, coolly, he watched the destruction of his fifty-dollar machine; slowly walking over to the wreckage, he succeeded in freeing the horses and, tossing the harness on the top of the ruined mower, went home to rest. He felt the loss of the gopher but did not care in the least degree about his mower being totally wrecked. However, the Indian is now beginning to learn the value of farming implements and takes good care of them.

The present medical system is, possibly, the best that can be devised. There are some two hundred doctors, either regularly appointed officers of the Department or else authorized to attend when required; these doctors are under the supervision of the Chief Medical Officer, with headquarters at Ottawa. This staff is putting up a grand fight against that arch enemy, tuberculosis, and also the many lung diseases, regarding disease, the medical staff are slowly but surely winning out and each year gaining ground against these diseases, and it is becoming apparent to the Indians each year that it is wise to heed the commands and advice of their medical attendant. Occasionally there is an outbreak of smallpox on a reserve, but in such a case the Department

men for Japan. Japan must be confined in her sphere." This betrays the same psychology which led Russia, France and Germany in 1895 to intervention and to deprive Japan of the fruits of her victories. He overlooks, it seems, the baneful effect of that unfortunate act of the three allies that has been the real cause of the present war in the Far East.

If the European powers and America were to combine (which is beyond the pale of practical politics) against China and Japan, as he suggests, the result would be that the instinct of self-preservation would bring about a close union between the two. To harbor the idea of revenge is not the monopoly of the French people alone.

It seems strange indeed that Mr. Feuillant, in the face of recent events in the Far East, should, in the capacity of the Hermit of modern times, excite the passions of the Old World and the New to a crusade against the Mongolian races and urge on the powers "the establishment of a guardianship over China; the limitation of her land and sea forces; a permanent occupation proportional to the forces of the occupiers; an international council to direct internal and external affairs." To carry this colossal programme into effect could not be but through a war before whose magnitude the Russo-Japanese war would sink into insignificance. All this is to be done in order that Europe and America should preserve their predominance in Asia, "or else they will be driven out of it forever."

Why should Europe be predominant in Asia forever, one might ask? Is there any crime, moral or natural, if Asia, like Europe, be inhabited by independent nations? It is a curious thing that nations like individuals never learn a lesson through the experiences of others. The Europeans, since they have attained wealth and destructive weapons, have arrogated to themselves a title of superiority over the rest of mankind, as if the Brahmins in their palmy days did not look upon others as *malichas* (unholy), the Persians upon the Arabs as "the eaters of the camel's milk and of lizards," the Romans upon non-Romans as barbarians, and the Arabs in their turn upon other nations as *ajums* (witless). It was the economic conditions—the few patricians dominating over the multitudes of plebeians—that necessarily brought about the downfall of the former in every cycle. The European domination in Asia causing misery to millions is bound to have a similar ending.

The only way to avert the yellow peril is to recognize Orientals as human beings entitled to be free and live on the produce of the earth that produces enough for all and to spare. International trade is compatible with independence of nations, as between this country and European States. In fact, the richer and the more enlightened the nations the greater their interdependence and exchange of commodities.

MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH.

New York, August 29.

THE automobile seems just about to attain the height of its unpopularity in the rural sections of the province.

Not more than two or three years ago a motor car was a remarkable rarity on an Ontario roadside. To-day scores of them tour the country and the point has now been reached when they are numerous enough to be considered dangerous nuisances but have not yet become ordinary vehicles, familiar alike to horse and driver. If a farmer sees an automobile passing his place in the morning just as his wife is about to drive to market, he is afraid all day to let her go because he knows "the old mare'll never pass that blamed thing." In a few years autos will be seen everywhere, and a new generation of country-bred horses will pass them by without notice. In the meantime the exercise of an ordinary amount of judgment by both chauffeurs and those who regard motors and motorists as a nuisance would prevent many accidents and much annoyance, and would alleviate the prejudice existing in rural districts against this mode of travel. There are times when a burst of speed is not especially dangerous, and the agitation for restrictions on motors in this and other respects would not be so widespread if their drivers were more considerate of the rights of others. Owners of automobiles should bear in mind that the folly of even a few careless chauffeurs may bring down the wrath of a whole community on motors all and sundry.

THE letter which includes another letter has an obvious value. Mr. Ashmead's opinion is not greater than yours or mine, but it is distinctive. When I saw the use that the Dominion fund was being applied to it struck me as quite apart from the purpose for which it was designed. We design our charities with a kindness and friendliness which

seldom seem to be realized in the working out of the project. For the officers of the navy we have no searching trouble, because they are fairly well paid and do not excite our desire for a betterment of a physical condition which seems somehow to overwhelm us when the naval situation is applied to our imaginings in regard to the man instead of the officer. To subscribe money for plate, for something that will shine on the officers' table, is not the instinct of Canada; what we desire is to better the condition of the man and be provocative of a better instinct in the nation—in short, we desire to better the man and not to exalt the officer. In this connection I think Mr. Ashmead's communication is worthy, and his letter and the enclosed letter are welcomed.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

Dear Sir,—Your fearless attacks in SATURDAY NIGHT on concerts and other attractions supposedly got up for charitable purposes cannot fail to meet with the approbation of all right-thinking people.

The week before the "fake" circus brought here by the "Elks" I wrote to a prominent daily paper denouncing the whole transaction (it was not inserted), the reason, as I afterwards heard, being that it might injure the cause it was advertised for; which as events turned out would not have been the case.

I would now like to draw your attention to another matter which was extensively advertised by the newspapers as the "Dominion Library Fund," and which was also endorsed in the pages of SATURDAY NIGHT, and for that matter, by all patriotic people, as a graceful recognition of the latest addition to the British navy. I enclose a letter which was printed in the *News* of August 23rd, which as far as I know has never been answered by anyone in charge of the fund. I handed in the names of twenty-four subscribers, and could easily have made the number one hundred, but that the idea had got about that it was not the sailors but the officers who would benefit by the fund. This idea it seems is likely to be verified; between four and five thousand dollars have been collected and of that sum I do not see any mention made of what proportion is to be expended on the "library" which was to be such a boon to the sailors during their two years' cruise, but instead a description of various articles of plate to be manufactured in Canada to grace the "Officers' Mess."

This fund, it seems, has largely been swelled by subscriptions from the employees of the various banks of the Dominion, but none the less I think any diversion of the money from its original purpose is much to be regretted, and will tend to throw discredit on other enterprises of the sort however worthy the object may be.

Trusting that you will kindly give publicity to this and that it may be the means of throwing a little more light on what the committee in charge of the "Dominion Library Fund" really intend to do with the considerable sum at their disposal, I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

THE DOMINION FUND.

To the Editor of the *News*: Will you kindly allow me as a subscriber, and also as a collector (in a small way), of subscriptions to the "Dominion Fund," to make an inquiry as to what proportion of the fund is to be devoted to the purpose of a library for the sailors during their two years' cruise?

In your paper of Tuesday, August 22, I see mention made of a "shield for gunnery practice," a "large loving cup in gold and silver," and a "set of silver table decorations for the officers' mess." Is the omission of the library an oversight, or is the idea given up? While I and the majority of the subscribers would cheerfully donate a much larger amount for the purposes mentioned, there are others who, having given their money for a specific object, expect to see the advertised object of the fund carried out, and the library being secured would be perfectly willing for the balance to be expended otherwise. Perhaps the chairman of the Canadian committee would kindly clear up this matter to the satisfaction of myself and others, for I know full well that in the event of a visit of the "blue jackets" to Toronto, the welcome would be not only to the officers of the fleet, much as they deserve it, but also to those "men behind the gun who do the work."

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

Toronto, August 23, 1905.



Mrs. A. H. Backus, M.D., of Aylmer, Ontario, gave a most interesting address in the Woman's Institute Tent, Exhibition grounds, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Theobald Coleman has been in town this week and her famous blue Bedlington was noticed by everyone at the dog show, receiving many a pat and kind word from the Toronto admirers of their clever mistress. Their kennel was done in green and gold in true Irish style.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis has been spending the vacation in Newfoundland, with her son, Arthur Jarvis, who is in the Bank of Montreal at St. John's. Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Muri Jarvis will spend the winter in Toronto, where Miss Jarvis will continue her musical studies.

Mr. W. B. Wells of Chatham, whose dogs took many prizes at the dog show, was in town early in the week, and left for home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Roaf have returned to their apartment at the St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten, who have had Mr. Symons' house in Madison avenue for the summer, are removing thence on the 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Symons and their family will take up their residence at 98 Madison avenue immediately.

Mrs. George Might and her son, Kenneth, have returned from Petrolia.

Mrs. Allan Douglas (née Veale) and her daughter, Clarice, who have been in Veale for a year, are spending two weeks in Canada, visiting relatives in Close avenue, en route to their home in New Plymouth, New Zealand.

Dr. and Mrs. Westman of Spadina avenue, Mrs. John Pugsley and her niece, Miss Macdonald, have been spending the last two months together in Germany.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, August 30th, in St. Thomas's Church, Rev. H. McCausland officiating, when Mr. Frederick Haney of Strathroy and Miss A. M. Saul of Toronto were married. The bride, who wore her travelling costume of navy blue *soie de soie*, trimmed with green taffeta and passementerie, with hat to match, was attended by Miss Edythe M. Butler of Toronto, who wore navy blue taffeta and pale blue tulle chapeau. Mr. Leonard Armstrong of Waterloo was best man. Mr. George Darby played the wedding music and Miss Hazel Bell sang *O Fair, O Sweet and Holy* in her usual excellent style. The bridal tour was by boat down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Henry Key of England arrived at Montreal last week to visit their son, Mr. H. Key, who is organist of a leading church at St. Thomas. Mr. Key spent some days in Toronto and is deeply interested in educational

matters, and Inspector Hughes has been most kind in giving him pointers, especially regarding the famous "fire drill" in our schools. The visitors also took in the Exhibition, which they enjoyed very much. Mr. Key is chairman of the Education Committee of the corporation of the city of London, and was for three years chairman of the Finance Committee of the London School Board, on which body he represents the city of London.

The Misses Foy of Balmy Beach have issued cards for a dance to be held on Thursday, September 14th.

The Misses Hilliard of Waterloo, who are on their way home from New York, are spending a few days at the home of Mr. Frank Manton and visiting the Exhibition.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Margaret's church, Toronto, on Thursday morning, August 31st, when Miss Helen Marr Hough and Mr. Albro Manning Thorne were married, Rev. J. F. Rounthwaite officiating. The bride wore a beautiful gown of bisque-colored grandmother's silk trimmed with broadcloth and heavy lace, with hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. Her sister, Miss Margaret, was bridesmaid, and was gowned in a dainty costume of reseda green *crêpe colienne* trimmed with messaline silk ruchings, panne velvet and linen-colored lace with lace hat, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. Mr. H. W. Pearson was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the home of the bride's parents, No. 6 Portland street, where a wedding *déjeuner* was served. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold chain and sunburst pendant set with pearls, and to the bridesmaid a gold chain and cross. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne left on the 9.45 train for Buffalo, New York, Atlantic City and other Eastern points, and on their return will reside at 203 George street, where they will be at home to their friends after October 1st. The bride's going-away gown was of homespun over-check cloth trimmed in darker shade of panne velvet and galloon braids, worn over mauve taffeta, with hat of white kid with cock feathers.

As usual, during Exhibition week, the social calendar suffers a partial eclipse, for everyone is liable to receive visitors at a moment's notice, and there are so many people stopping all over the city and hostesses are so preoccupied that any formal entertaining is hopeless. On Saturday evening Colonel Pellatt gave a very smart dinner for the officers of the 7th Regiment who were over from Buffalo, at which His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, attended by Major Macdonald, was present. Major and Mrs. Macdonald have been spending the summer at the home of Mrs. Macdonald's father, Mr. Lansing, at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Douglas Young spent a short holiday with friends in Muskoka at the week-end.

Mr. Ernest Cattanauch has been spending part of his holidays with friends in Georgian Bay.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, with Mrs. Sherlock and the children, returned to the city on Monday after spending two months at their camp near Kingston.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lila Moray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Moray of Brockville, to Lewis Rose of Nuevitas, Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Murch and Mr. Rechab Tandy have returned from their summer vacation, having enjoyed a two weeks' trip down the St. Lawrence, stopping at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and the Thousand Islands.

Very pretty arrangements are being made by the ladies of St. Alban's Cathedral to welcome home the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman on Thursday, September 14th. The people of the diocese are invited to be present and extensive preparations are going on for their reception. After the programme in the crypt the young ladies of the church are having refreshments in a large marquee on the tennis court, for which a small sum will be charged. Any proceeds will go toward the extension fund. All wish their enthusiastic and deserving efforts much success.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna May Sayers, daughter of the late Mr. J. T. Sayers of Hamilton and Mrs. Sayers, to Dr. Charles Hawkins Gilmour, son of Dr. J. T. Gilmour, warden of Central Prison, Toronto. The marriage will take place quietly early in October.

At high noon on Wednesday a very pretty event took place at Morrisburg, when Dr. Will C. Davy was united in marriage to Miss Blanche Isabella Hickey, eldest daughter of Dr. Charles E. Hickey, ex-M.P. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Philippa Hickey, and the groom's only brother, Mr. R. N. Davy, B.A., of Toronto, was best man. The bride, daintily gowned in *point d'esprit* over white taffeta trimmed with white satin baby ribbon, wore the groom's gift, a handsome Mercury wing brooch set with diamonds and pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore a very pretty gown of white silk and Mrs. Hickey, mother of the bride, was becomingly dressed in gray figured silk; Mrs. Davy, mother of the groom, wore pearl gray *crêpe de Chine*. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a handsome solitaire pearl ring and to his best man a diamond scarf-pin. The numerous beautiful gifts to the bride and groom fittingly expressed the high esteem in which the young couple are held by all their friends and relatives. Among the guests from out of town were noticed Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his daughter, Mrs. McCarthy, Premier Whitney and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. A. Broder, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Renfrew, several of the bride's college friends and members of the Mikado Club, of which she was a popular member, among whom were Miss Gertrude Cook of Toronto, Mrs. Thom of Quebec, Miss Mabel Puopore of Montreal, Miss Gould of Smith's Falls, and Miss Iva Scott of Montreal, who played the wedding march; the bride's brothers, Mr. Charles G. Hickey of Montreal, Mr. R. E. Hickey of Winnipeg, and Dr. O. N. Leslie of Perth. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. William Howitt, B.A., B.D., assisted by Rev. A. E. Runnells, the wedding breakfast was served in a marquee upon the lawn. After the toasts were drunk and good wishes and congratulations extended to the happy couple they left for a two weeks' trip to Montreal, Portland, Boston and New York, and will return by Hudson River, Lake Champlain and St. Lawrence route to take up their residence in Morrisburg in their pretty home on the corner of High and First streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson of St. Margaret's College have returned from Elberon, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hooper of Napanee have been spending a few days with friends on the east side, and visiting the Toronto Exhibition.

Mrs. Lapham (née Boddy), who has been visiting her mother in Winchester street, has returned to New York.

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generally reveals a surprising amount of shabbiness in the house that was unsuspected before. Still more surprising will be the transformation of the shabby room when it has passed through our hands. We have many schemes of decoration to suggest and many beautiful designs in wallpapers and fabrics to show.

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From a Peak in Darien.

The Adventures of Cockney Christopher, the Second Dis-
coverer of America, as revealed by himself in a series of
letters to his friends in England.

Toronto.

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE—

Still Toronto, as you can see for yourself; and I think
Toronto will suit. It's not so big as good old London, of
course, but a fellow can bring it along a bit if 'e's got any
sort of a 'eadpiece on 'im. It's not great hexactly, but it's
wot I calls promisin'. There's a race-course somewhere abaht
and a cricket grahnd. Wot's more the people look a bit of
all right—oofy, toffy, and all that. I takes Alf aht to see
some of the big ahses; and I shows 'im where there was
room to build more of the same kind, and I points out a
tasty little moty (automobillies they calls them 'ere), and I



Alf, I've some hadvice to
impawt to you.

sez that's the ticket for yours truly, 'orses bein' out of date.
But 'e just sez with that sickenin' grin of 'is: "Suppose we
get a job first." The fellow 'as no habition; I can see that
with both keyes shut. 'E'll die sime as 'e come aht, a bloom-
in' g-as-you-please—that's my opinion of 'im. But I can't
stand by and not give a 'and, so I sez to 'im the second day
we wos 'ere; "Alf," sez I, "I've some hadvice to impawt to
you. It may not be the best hadvice, mind you, but that's
neither 'ere nor there. Wot I wants to get at is that I've
slept on wot I'm goin' for to tell you, so it's worth listenin' to—
twice?" "Yus," sez 'e. "Well," sez I, "I've bin thinkin'
of that money of yours and the best wye to hinvest it."
"Yus," sez 'e. "Well," sez I, "now I've thought deeply on
the matter and I can't think of nuthin' better than a Fried Fish
shop." "Oh, a Fried Fish shop, yus," sez 'e, with 'is mouth
open. "Yus," sez I, "a Fried Fish shop. You remember
York street wot we walked up yesterday?" "Oh, York street,
yus," sez 'e. "Well," sez I, "that's your game, a Fried Fish
shop in York street. You've seen for yourself our fellow-
countrymen walkin' abaht this 'ere city with cord'roys on
and a cloth round their necks all complete sime as at 'ome.
You've seen that for yourself, now 'aven't you?" "Yus," sez
'e. "Well," I continues, "wot do you think they miss most
over 'ere?" "Give it up," sez 'e, "ask me another." "They're
'ankering," sez I—as is plain to any man with common sense,
'they're 'ankering' after fried fish sime as they'd 'ave bin in
the Old Kent Road at 'ome. And it's in fried fish you'll
make your fortune, Alf," sez I solemnly, "if fortune you will
make, and I wish you luck of it. And if the Canadians them-
selves don't like the commodity," I continues, "wye, they'll be
edicated up to it, mark my words." "But," sez 'e, "is there
fish to fry, and is the fish the right sort for fryin'?" "Now,"
I hanswers, "you're arskin' me a question! 'Ow do I know?
I hain't bin in the country no longer than you, and you arsk
me a question like that. Wot do you tike me for? A bloom-



And you took it?
I arsts 'im.

in 'encyclopedia? 'Praps," sez I, "you'd like me to go out
and catch the fish for you, and bring you the fat to fry them
in. 'Praps you'd like me to fry them for you, and tout your
customers. 'Praps," sez I, for I was gettin' downright riled
with the cuss, "you'd like me to keep your books for you and
serve the bloomin' stuff. 'Praps you'd like all that and a lit-
tle more on top. Be reasonable, man," sez I, "ave sense."

"Well," 'e hanswers, "I've bin sleepin' on somethin' too. You
remember when we arrived at the stition 'ere in Toronto,
you went and stood moonin' abaht at the hentrance aht."
"The hexit in I s'pose you means," sez I, "yus, I wos medi-
tatin' a bit on the steps." "Well," sez 'e, "I was talkin' with
some fawmers." "Wot, those ragamuffins!" I hejaculates.
"Yus," sez 'e, "and one of them hofferred me a job at fifteen
dollars a month the year round." "And you took it?" I
arsts 'im downright hastonished. "No," sez 'e, "but I'm goin'
to." "Alf," sez I, "now you mark my words, you've spoilt
yourself. You've bin and gone and done it this time and no
horror. Spoilt yourself, and there can be no two words abaht
it. 'Owever," sez I, "I'm 'oldin' of you back. Pack your
trunk and go. I'm off to get an evenin' piper and see who
I'll work for right 'ere in this very city. I can see you're
not my class, and I washes my 'ands of you." And that very
evenin' 'e went. Now wot do you thing of it, old bird? Can
you blime me?

That evenin' I spots arf-a-dozen likely little jobs in the
piper, so I does myself up natty, brushes my 'air and goes
rahnd to the first. "Good evenin', sir," sez I to the boss.
"Good evenin'" sez 'e, "wot can I do for you?" "I've come
after this 'ere shippin' job," sez I, "any chances?" 'S'elp me
bob, Bert, old man, 'e looks me up and dahn, and 'e looks
very a-h at the cigarette I 'ad in my 'and, and 'e sez, "No,
I think no chances." "Thank you," sez I, quite polite, and
I goes aht. In I goes to the next plice. "Wot chances?"
"No chances!" Boss sniffs at my fag like the first one. Sime
story at the third plice, and, crikey, would you believe it,
sime story at them all. Hobjected to my fag, I could see.
They snuffed at it, and they looked at it, and they looked at
me, and, s'elp me, looked back agine at the cigarette. Now
wot do you mike of that, old bird? A bloomin' lot of con-
sossers, thinks I to myself. I could see that much with 'arf a
leye. "Strike me blue," sez I to myself, "I'll get a better
brand of cigarettes, something that no one could hobject to."
And aht I goes and buys the best in the market, and now I
smoke "Agonostopoulo Pure Unadulterated Imported Cigar-
ettes" (I copied the nime off the label and you can tike it
from me it's right) at 25 cents a box. So don't touch me,
deah boy, as the Johnnies sye at 'ome, keep halooof, doncher-
know. To-morrow I'll try my luck agine, and if I strikes
nothin' 'struth it won't be for want of a spiffin' cigarette.
You'll 'ear from me soon 'ow I gets on.

I'm feelin' chirpy as ever and 'opes you're of the same
wye of thinkin'. Best regards to all the lads.

Your friend,

CHRIS.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. Roberts, St. Patrick street, has just returned
home after spending some weeks on the lake near Grimsby
Park and Jordan Harbor.

Dr. E. Herbert Adams, ex-commandore of Muskoka Lakes
Association, returned to the city after an extensive canoe
trip in some of the wilder parts of Muskoka and Georgian
Bay.

Mr. Justice Benson, Port Hope, Mr. Selwyn Brown and
Mrs. Jack Harmer, Winnipeg, who have been spending a few
weeks at the Royal, returned to Port Hope on Saturday.

Mrs. W. Phillips and the Misses MacMillan of Oshawa
are fishing at Cobocouk.

Major and Mrs. Leigh have returned to town. I hear
the latter is not at all in perfect health.

The following guests are registered at the Minnicogana-
shene: Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C.; Miss Baird, Miss Daisy
Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mrs. W. D. Beardmore and family,
Miss Cory, Miss Elsie Gray, Miss Dillon Mills, Mrs. Rae,
Miss Medland, Miss L. Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. H. Kerr
and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones, Mr. H. F. C. Jones,
Mr. G. A. Mackenzie and family, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt,
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout and family, Mrs. and Miss
Rose, Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald and family, Colonel and Mrs.
J. B. Maclean and family, Mrs. F. Plumb, of Toronto; Miss
McKeand, Miss M. M. McKeand, of Hamilton; Miss Benson,
Mr. K. Mackenzie, of St. Catharines; Mrs. J. H. Ginge and
family, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Shanly, Mrs. C. Sterling, of Lon-
don; Mr. Stuart Heath, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gouinlock, Mr.
Parkyn Murray, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barton, of
Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. J. Turrell, Mrs. R. W. Downing
and son, Miss L. B. Price, Miss Corson, Miss
West, Miss G. Marshall, Miss L. M. Hilliker,
Mr. A. Lipman, Miss Pinckard, Miss E. M. Pinckard,
Miss C. Pinckard, Mrs. Milton Clark, Miss Clarke, Miss Elsa
Wili, Miss Helen Newell, Mrs. H. P. Winter and family,
Mr. and Mrs. Miss Aitken, Mr. E. K. Hedden, Mr. F. A.
Hedden, Miss Pettit, Miss Leslie Freeman, Mr. Akahoshi, of
Tokio; Miss Slade, Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdougall, Mr. and
Mrs. W. J. Tappan and family, Mrs. Potter, Master John
Black, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Foley, Miss H. B. Davis, Miss E.
B. Davis, Mr. E. H. Pendleton and son.

A happy incident occurred on the 24th ultimo at the head
office of the Imperial Life Assurance Company, when Mr.
W. G. Reburn, the accountant of the company, was presented
with a handsome hall clock by the members of the head office
staff. The occasion was the eve of his departure for Emis-
kilen, Ireland, where his marriage took place on the 6th
of September. He sailed on the *Campania* from New York
on the 20th ultimo, and will return by the *Umbria*, leaving
for New York on the 15th of September.

Miss Lonic Strathy is visiting in England.

The following verses have been sent me, written by a
Canadian boy residing in the States, where he seems to have
cons rved a very healthy frame of mind:

CANADA.

O Land of inspiration, sweetest spot in all creation,
We love you, for we've made you what you are.
Throughout all our grand Dominion,
We will stand by our opinion,
Our country can't be beaten near or far.

By a schoolhouse or church steeple
You can always judge its people,
And that is where old Canada does shine,
For we stand for law and order
From the inland to the border,
In the land of the maple and the pine.

With its golden wheat fields gleaming,
And all Nature sweetly beaming,
As if it blessed the people living here,
We thank the God above us
For the way He seems to love us,
And we'll hold the Maple Leaf forever dear.

—G. S. M.

Among the beautiful and interesting homes which To-
rontonians are getting into shape to their own indi-
vidual taste, that now completed by Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury
in Bedford road is a fine specimen. These young people
have gathered judiciously in their travels and the result is
full of beauty, charm and comfort. Many good wishes for
long years of happiness will be theirs from hosts of friends.

If there is one thing more than another which pleases
the progressive spirits it is the new Art Gallery at the Ex-
hibition. For the first time in the history of this city we
have a half-decent place in which to hang pictures for public
inspection—and some of the pictures sent out by English
friends of Canada are worth going a long way to see. Of
course the "Coronation" easily takes precedence on account
of its historic interest. It is a wonderful piece of work. The
Art Gallery has been at this year's Exhibition a real uplifting
and educative force and on all sides one hears grateful and
appreciative comment.

Mrs. William Brinson of New York is at 70 Murray
str et, quite a favorite abode of United Statesers this season.
Others who have been stopping there are Mrs. Miller and
Mrs. Young of Brooklyn, Miss Shannon of New York, Mrs.
Herd, Mrs. Quebecaux, Miss Holman and Miss Alice Hol-
man of San Antonio, Texas.

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on the continent. Visitors to Toronto will find
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Open Monday, August 28

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—if it be as accu-
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the continent carry so
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If there is a
Certain Something

Which is widely admired and which has
proved to have merit and value—and
you really need that "Certain Some-
thing"—and there is only one place at
which you can secure it. There's no
use looking elsewhere, is there?

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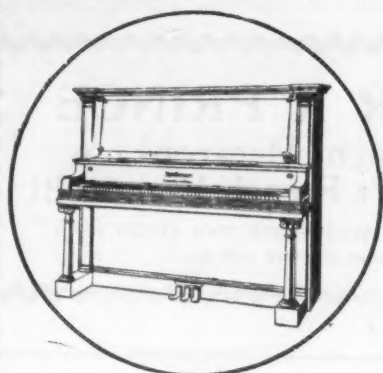
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We are an (Old Established Firm) but recently opened in this city, and our expert advice is at our customers' service.

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Has removed to the newly furnished shop...

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Each leaf sufficient for one wash.

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Used instead of perfume or sachet powder.

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SOCIETY

THE Island season is on the wane. One more dance at the Yacht Club next Monday night will be given, I hear, closing a summer of unprecedented charm and enjoyment.

Several verandah and island cottage teas have been given this week. On Wednesday afternoon a gay little company gathered at Oasis, Mrs. Jan's Robertson's home on the breakwater, for tea, and to meet Mrs. Tylee, Mrs. Robertson's sister, who has been spending a short time at Oasis. Mrs. Tylee was greeted by old friends with great pleasure and is looking very well indeed. Her son, Mr. George Tylee, is with her. Among those at the tea were Mrs. Hatfield of Mexico City, who has been spending the summer at her native place, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and is here to place her son at Upper Canada College; Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Mrs. and Miss Sophie Hagarty, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis, Miss Taylor of Montreal, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Corbett of Cornwall, Miss Holland, who assisted Miss Robertson, and looked very pretty in lavender and white organdie; the Misses Sproule, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Porter, and several others. The tea table was done with nasturtiums and dwarf yellow dahlias, and the verandah decorated with bulrushes and yellow flowers, and canopied with vines and silk hangings.

Dr. William Francis has gone to England, where he will join his relatives, Dr. Osler of Oxford and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, who is still abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Britton Francis have taken a house in Howard street, where they will shortly settle, but Mrs. Francis will not receive until the New Year. Mrs. Powell of Ottawa is coming on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Francis, very soon.

Mr. Linton, of England, has been in town, a guest at the King Edward, for a short time.

Mrs. Tylee is returning with her son to Montreal immediately. Mrs. Hatfield of Mexico City, a very lovely and charming sojourner in Toronto, is also leaving at once to meet her husband in New York and return to Mexico City by water.

Mrs. Crease is still with her daughter, Mrs. Montgomery, down east, and Mrs. Montgomery is recovering her strength after her recent serious illness.

Rev. Provost MacKenzie of Trinity College is at the Synod in Quebec and will be home on Monday.

Mrs. W. C. and the Misses Matthews have spent a very enjoyable summer in France and other parts of the Continent. They attended the unveiling of the remarkably virile statue of Jacques Cartier at St. Malo this summer, which was the occasion of quite a gathering of Canadians there.

Mr. and Mrs. Maybee have taken the house in Beverley street formerly occupied by the late Warring Kennedy, and are settling there. Mrs. Maybee will receive later on.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto and her family are at their summer place at Kirkfield, and will not return to town for some time.

Colonel Victor Williams is a much welcomed member of the polo team from the East this week.

The marriage of Miss Bebe Thompson, eldest daughter of Lady Thompson, and Mr. Edmund Wragge is, I hear, to take place this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ross are spending some time with Mrs. Arthur Ross at Winnipeg, until their own new house is completed.

Mrs. and Miss Fair and Mr. Ernest Fair, who have spent the summer on the Island, are leaving for California next month, where they intend taking up

their residence for some time. Mrs. Fair and her handsome son and daughter will be missed by many friends.

Mrs. Smellie gave an enjoyable Island five o'clock tea on Thursday.

Mrs. Alex Mackenzie of Bradford, England, returns on the steamship *Virginian*, sailing September 15th.

Cameron Nelles Wilson, B.A., formerly assistant minister of St. Simon's church, has accepted a position on the staff of St. Andrew's College, and is returning from a holiday in Brantford to assume his duties this month.

Miss Bessie MacMurchy left on Monday for New York to begin her course of study as a trained nurse in New York Hospital. She had not intended leaving here until October, but was sent for a month earlier, giving her little or no time to say goodbye to Toronto friends who will so heartily wish her every success.

The Cedars, the beautiful old home-stand of the late Archibald Campbell, near Colborne, was in gala attire on Wednesday, September 6th, for the wedding of Miss Blanche Isabella Campbell and Mr. George B. Henwood of Wetaskiwin, N.W.T. The ceremony was performed in the Lakeport Presbyterian church, which was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride, and the officiating clergy were Rev. P. M. Duncan and Rev. Chancellor Burwash, uncle of the groom. The bride, who looked exceedingly lovely in her wedding robes, entered the church on the arm of Mr. Mossom Boyd of Bobcaygeon, her cousin, and her sister, Miss Jean Campbell, attended her as bridesmaid. Mr. James S. McLean was best man, and Messrs. Charles P. Henwood and Arthur Griffith acted as ushers, the wedding music being played by Mr. Morton Jones, organist of St. Philip's church, Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Cedars, when the house and lawn were filled with invited guests, the bright costumes of the ladies uniting with the natural beauties of the scene to make a delightful picture. Besides the Colborne friends, who included Hon. W. A. and Miss Willoughby, Mr. and Mrs. Larke and the Misses Larke, Miss McTavish, Miss Grace McTavish, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. and Miss Dewey, Mrs. Merriman, a large number of friends were present from outside points. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. O'Brien, Miss Madeleine O'Brien, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. and Miss Furby, Port Hope; Miss Rose Davidson, Toronto; Miss Rita Wilson, Smith's Falls; Mr. W. Grant Neil, Toronto; Miss B. De Grassi, Chicago; Mrs. (Judge) Ketchum, Cobourg; Miss Katherine Moore, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mr. G. Cuth Boyd, Bobcaygeon.

Mrs. E. L. Zinkan (née Stevenson) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening, the 12th and 13th, at her home, 24 Macpherson avenue, and will receive every Tuesday after.

Dr. G. L. Palmer, Parkdale, has returned after a six weeks' trip to California and the Southern and Western States.

Miss Mabel Beatrice Beddoe sailed by steamship *Coronia* on September 5th from New York for a sojourn of two years abroad. Miss Beddoe will spend the time in the study of her chosen profession, music.

On Saturday last St. Paul's church, Woodstock, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Susan Ella Stanbury, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanbury of Toronto, and Dr. Archibald Henry Busby of New York were married. A reception was afterwards held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stanbury. Among the numerous guests present were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Karn, Mr. and Mrs. Drew Smith, Rev. Canon Farthing of Woodstock, Miss Lillian Ellis, Miss Lily Love, Miss Grace Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stanbury, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Smith of Toronto, Mr. George Stanbury of Chicago, Mr. Harvey Stanbury of St. John, Mr. Marshall Stanbury of Toronto, Miss Annie Thomson, Miss Verna Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lewis, Dr. Kenyon and Mr. Roy Busby of New York, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss

Busby of Rochester, Mrs. Thomas Parke of Birmingham, Ala. The happy couple left on an extended tour before setting in New York.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are Messrs. J. A. August, H. T. Richmond, A. C. Stephenson, Miss McWilliams, Mrs. C. S. Boone, Messrs. J. C. Smith, J. H. McGregor, C. S. Boone, Miss Gorman, Miss S. E. Cole, Messrs. S. W. McKeown, W. E. McWilliams, J. D. Ridout, J. W. Houston, Mrs. J. D. Ridout, Miss Mary Cary of Toronto, Mr. Samuel Argue of Midland, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Osborne of Hamilton, Mr. E. M. Sippew of St. John, N.B., Mr. R. C. Cryser of Waterloo, Mr. E. A. Erb of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Denton of Blenheim, Mrs. William Friedlander of Brooklyn, Mr. Robert Kennedy of Lindsay, Captain and Mrs. McFarland of Fort Leavenworth.

The Canoe Club's fall regatta and At Home are on this afternoon at the club house. The races begin at half-past two and the usual dance and refreshments will be part of the festivities.

Tourists—Travelers.

The most convenient way to carry funds is by Travelers' Cheques. Value in dollars with equivalents in foreign moneys stated on each. No discount. Efficient identification plan issued by Dominion Express Co., Wellington and Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign cheques, travelers' cheques, letters of credit, etc.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home. The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show rooms in their office building in Adelaide street east, thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.



COW THEOLOGY.

"Yes, dear brethren, this is the most touching incident in the Prodigal's life; when he came back his father killed the fatted calf—the fatted calf, dear brethren, that had been probably kept for the return of the Prodigal for years, and y'ars, and y'ars."

Schoolboy English.

The life of a school teacher is not without its humorous side. Here are some choice specimens of "associated ideas" drawn forth from the schoolboy mind during the tortures of examination: "Queen Elizabeth was never married. She was so fond of dresses she was never seen without one, and she was beautiful and clever, with a red head and freckles." "The provisions of Oxford were butter, eggs, cheese, bread and beer." "The constitution of Clarendon was so shattered through grief that he died quite a young man before he had time to grow old." "Lord Alfred Tennyson was a celebrated poet, and he wrote a lot of beautiful poems with long hair, and studied so much that he used to say to his mother, 'Call me early, dear.' His greatest poem is called 'The Idle King.' He was made a lord, but he was a good man and wrote many oads."

Finesse.

It was a wretchedly hot day, everything was going wrong, and the man, who was by nature fractious, flew at last into a great passion because his horse could not pull the load.

However, he did not forget where he was, namely, well within the purview of our highest civilization.

"If I beat my horse," he reflected, "these stylish women who are passing will cry out and have me arrested. But if I dock his tail, it will cause him quite as much pain in the long run, and thus afford me the same satisfaction, and the women cannot consistently say a word, because every mother's daughter of them has had her horse's tail docked."

This fable teaches that it is easy enough to do business in a great city, after all, with a little finesse.

Many grown people who are not ready letter-writers will sympathize with the lad who, after he had been at a boarding-school for a week without writing to his parents, penned the following letter: "Dear people, I am afraid I shall not be able to write often to you because, you see, when anything is happening I haven't time to write, and when nothing is happening there's nothing to write about. So now, good by; from your George."



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The Face of the Poor

By Margaret Collier Graham.

M. R. ANTHONY attached a memorandum to the letter he was reading, and put his hand on the bell. "Confound them!" he said under his breath. "What do they think I'm made of?"

A negro opened the door, and came into the room with exaggerated decorum. "Rufus, take this to Mr. Whitwell, and tell him to get the answer off at once. Is any one waiting?"

"Yes, suh, several. One man's been there some time. Says his name's Bursion, suh."

"Send him in."

The man gave his head a tilt forward which seemed to close his eyes, turned pivotally about, and walked out of the room in his most luxurious manner. Rufus never initiated his employer, but he often regretted that his employer did not imitate him.

Mr. Anthony's face resumed its look of prosperous annoyance. The door opened, and a small, roughly dressed man came toward the desk.

"Well, here I am at last," he said in a tone of gentle apology. "I suppose you think it's about time."

The annoyance faded out of Mr. Anthony's face, and left it blank. The visitor put out a work-calloused hand.

"I guess you don't remember me; my name's Bursion. I was up once before, but you were busy. I hope you're well; you look hearty."

Mr. Anthony shook the proffered hand, and then shrank back, with the distrust of gentility which is one of the cruel hardships of wealth.

"I am well, thank you. What can I do for you, Mr. Bursion?"

The little man sat down and wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. He was bearded almost to the eyes, and his bushy brows stood out in a thatch. As he bent his gaze upon Mr. Anthony it was like some gentle creature peering out of a bushy covert.

"I guess the question's what I can do for you, Mr. Anthony," he said, smiling wistfully on the millionaire. "I haven't done much this far, suh."

"Well?" Mr. Anthony's voice was dryly interrogative.

"When Edmonson told me he'd sold the mortgage to you, I thought certain I'd be able to keep up the interest, but I haven't made out to do even that; you've been kept out of your money a long time, and to tell the truth I don't see much chance for you to get it. I thought I'd come in and talk with you about it, and see what we could agree on."

Mr. Anthony leaned back rather wearily.

"I might foreclose," he said.

The visitor looked troubled. "Yes, you could foreclose, but that wouldn't fix it up. To tell the truth Mr. Anthony, I don't feel right about it. I haven't kept up the place as I ought; it's been running down for more'n a year. I don't believe it's worth the mortgage to-day."

Some of the weariness disappeared from Mr. Anthony's face. He laid his arms on the desk and leaned forward.

"You don't think it's worth the mortgage?" he asked.

"Not the mortgage and interest. You see there's over three hundred dollars interest due. I don't believe you could get more'n a thousand dollars cash for the place."

to go to law. There ain't nothing between us. I had the money and you the same as loaned it to me. It was money you'd saved up again old age, and you'd ought to have it. If I'd worked the place and kept it up right, it would be worth more, though of course property's gone down a good deal. But mother and the girls got kind of discouraged and wanted me to go to peddlin' fruit, and of course you can't do more'n one thing at a time, and do it justice. Now if you had the place I expect you could afford to keep it up, and I wouldn't wonder if you could sell it; but you'd have to put some ready money into it first, I'm afraid."

Mr. Anthony pushed a pencil up and down between his thumb and forefinger, and watched the process with an inscrutable face. His visitor went on:

"I was thinking if we could agree on a price, I might deed it to you and give you a note for the balance of what I owe you. I'm getting on kind of slow, but I don't believe but what I could pay the note after a while."

Mr. Anthony kept his eyes on his lead pencil with a strange whimsical smile. "Edmonson owed me two thousand dollars," he said; "the mortgage really cost me that; at least it was all I got on the debt."

The visitor made a regretful sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"You don't say so! Well, that is too bad."

The thatch above the speaker's eyes stood out straight as he reflected.

"You're worse off than I thought," he went on slowly, "but it don't quite seem as if I ought to be held responsible for that. I had the thousand dollars and used it, and I'd ought to pay it; but the other it was a kind of a trade you made—I can't say you don't think."

Mr. Anthony broke into his hesitation with a short laugh.

"No, I don't think you're responsible for my blunders," he said soberly. "You say property has gone down a good deal," he went on, fixing his shrewd eyes on his listener. "A good many other things have gone down. If my money will buy more than it would when it was loaned, some people would say I shouldn't have so much of it. Perhaps I'm not entitled to more than the place will bring. What do you think about that?" There was a quizzical note in the rich man's voice.

Bursion wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief, dropped it into his hat, and shook the hat slowly and reflectively, keeping time with his head.

"If you'd ken' your money by you, allowin' that you loaned it to me—because you the same as did—if you'd ken' it by you, or put it in the bank and let it lay idle, you'd 'a' had it. It wouldn't 'a' gone down any. You hadn't ought to lose anything, that I can see—except of course for your mistake about Edmonson. That kind of hurts me about Edmonson. I wouldn't 'a' thought it of him. He always seemed a clever sort of fellow."

"Oh, Edmonson's all right," said Mr. Anthony; "he went into some things too heavily, and broke up. I guess he'll make it yet."

Bursion looked relieved. "Then he'll straighten this up with you, after all," he said.

Mr. Anthony whistled noiselessly. "Well, hardly. He considers it straightened."

Bursion turned his old hat slowly around between his knees.

"He's a fair-spoken man, Edmonson: I kind of think he'll square it up, after all," he said hopefully. "Anyhow, it doesn't become me to throw stones till I've paid my own debts."

The hair that covered the speaker's mouth twitched a little in its effort to smile. He glanced at his companion expectantly.

"Could you come out and take a look at the place?" he asked.

Mr. Anthony slid down in his chair, and clasped his hands across his portliness.

"I believe I'll take your valuation, Bursion," he answered slowly. "If I find there's nothing against the property but my mortgage, and you'll give me a deed and your note for the interest, or, say, two hundred and fifty dollars, we'll call it square. It will take a few days to look the matter up, a week perhaps. Suppose you come in at the end of the week. Your wife will sign the deed?" he added interrogatively.

desk, drew the wastebasket between his knees, opened the big blade of the knife, and began to remove the red velvet skin. The juice ran down his wrists and threatened his immaculate cuffs. He fished a spotless handkerchief from his pocket with his pencil and mopped up the encroaching rivulets. His companion smiled upon him with amiable relish as the dripping sections disappeared.

"I irrigated 'em more than usual this year, and it makes 'em kind of sloppy to eat," he apologized; "it doesn't help the flavor any, but most people buy for size. When you're out peddling and haven't time to cultivate, it's easy to turn on the water. It's about as bad as a milkman putting water in the milk, and I always feel mean about it. I tell mother irrigating's a lazy man's way of farming, but she says water costs so much here she doesn't think it's cheating to sell it for peach juice."

Rufus came into the room, and bore down upon the pair with deferential disdain. Mr. Anthony gave his fingers a parting wipe, and took the papers from the envelope.

"It's all right, Bursion," he said after a little; "you needn't mind about your wife's signature. I'll risk it. Come back in about a week, say Thursday, Thursday at ten, if that suits you. I'll have my attorney look into it."

Bursion got up and started out. Then he turned and stood still an instant.

"Of course I mean to tell mother about the deed," he said; "I wouldn't want you to think—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Anthony, with an almost violent waiving of domestic confidence. "Good afternoon, Mr. Bursion." He whirled his revolving chair toward the desk with a distinct air of dismissal, and picked up the package of papers.

After the door closed he sat still for some time, looking thoughtfully at the mortgage; then he made a memorandum in ink, with his signature in full, and attached it to the document. Rufus opened the door.

"Mr. Darnell and two other gentlemen, suh."

The millionaire set his jaws. "Show them in, Rufus. Damn it," he said softly, "damn it, why can't they be honest!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Erastus Bursion, that you deeded him this place, and gave him your note for two hundred and fifty dollars you didn't owe him?"

"Why, no, mother; didn't I explain to you there'd be a deficiency judgment?"

"Well, I should say there was. But if anybody's lackin' judgment I'd say it was you, not him. The idea! Why, he's as rich as cream, and you're as poor—"

"Well, his being rich and me being poor hasn't got anything to do with it, mother; we're just two men trying to be fair to each other, don't you see? You and the girls wouldn't want me to be close-fisted and overreachin', even if I am poor. I think we fixed it up just as near right as a wrong thing can be fixed. Of course I don't like to feel the way I do about Edmonson, but Mr. Anthony don't seem to lay up anything against him, and he's the one that has the right to. Edmonson treated him worse than anybody ever treated me. I don't know just how I'd feel toward a man if he'd treated me the way Edmonson treated Mr. Anthony."

Mrs. Bursion laid the overalls she was mending across her knee in a suggestive attitude.

"I don't call it close-fisted or overreachin' to keep a roof over your family's head," she argued; "if the place isn't ours I suppose we'll have to leave it."

"No; Mr. Anthony wants us to stay here, and take care of the place for the rent. I feel as if I'd ought to keep it up better, but if I'm to peddle fruit and try to pay off the note, I'll have to hustle. I want to do the square thing by him. He's certainly treated me white."

Mrs. Bursion fitted a patch on the seat of the overalls, and flattened it down with rather unnecessarily vigorous slaps of her large hand.

"I wouldn't lose any sleep over Mr. Anthony; I guess he's able to take care of himself," she said, closing her lips suddenly as if to prevent the escape of less amiable sentiments.

"Well, he doesn't seem to be," urged her husband, "the way Edmonson's overreached him. My! but I'd hate to be in that feller's shoes, doin' dirt to a man that a-way!"

Mrs. Bursion sighed audibly and gave

her husband a hopelessly uncomprehending look. "You do beat all, Erastus," she said wearily. "Here's your overalls. I guess you can be trusted with 'em. They're too much patched to give to Mr. Anthony."

Bursion returned her look of uncomprehension. Fortunately the marital fog through which two pairs of eyes so often view each other is more likely to dull the outline of faults than of virtues. Mrs. Bursion watched her husband not unfondly as he straddled into his overalls and left the room.

"A man doesn't have to be very sharp to get the better of Erastus," she said to herself, "but he has to be awful low down; and I s'pose there's plenty that is."

The winter came smilingly on, tantalizing the farmer with sunny indifference concerning drought, and when he was quite despondent sending great purple clouds from the south-east to wash away his fears. By Christmas the early oranges were yellowing. There had been no frost, and Bursion's old spring-wagon and unsightly but well-fed sorrel team made their daily round of the valley, and now and then he dropped into Mr. Anthony's office to make small payments on his note. Pitifully small they seemed to the mortgagee, who appeared nevertheless always glad to receive them, and gave orders to Rufus, much to that dignitary's disgust, that the fruit-vender should always be admitted. The handful of coin which he so cheerfully piled on the corner of the rich man's desk always remained there until his departure, when Mr. Anthony took an envelope from the safe, swept the payment into it without counting, and returned it to its compartment, making no endorsement on the note.

"I'd feel better satisfied if you'd drive out some time and take a look at things," said Bursion to his creditor during one of these visits: "you'd ought to get out of the office now and then for your health."

"Maybe I will, Bursion," replied the capitalist. "You're not away from home all the time?"

"Oh no, but I s'pose Sunday's your day off; it's mine. Mother and the girls generally go to church, but I don't. I tell 'em I'll watch and they can pray. I can't very well go," he added, making haste to counteract the possible shock from his irreverence; "there ain't but one seat in the fruit-wagon, and when the women folks get their togs on, three's about all that can ride. Come out any Sunday, and stay for dinner. We mostly have chicken."

The following Sunday Mr. Anthony drew up his daintily stepping chestnut at the fruit-peddler's gate. Before he had descended from his shining road-wagon his host ran down the walk, pulling on his shabby coat.

"Well, now, this is something like!" he exclaimed. "Got a hitching-strap? Just wait till I open the gate; I believe I'd better take your horse inside. There's a post by the kitchen door. My, ain't he a beauty!"

Bursion led the roadster through the gate, and Mr. Anthony walked by his side. When the horse was tied the two men went about the place, and Erastus showed his guest the poultry and fruit trees, commenting on the merits of Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns as layers, and displaying modest pride in the condition of the orchard.

"I've kept it up better this year. The rains come along more favorable, and the weeds didn't get ahead of me the way they did last winter. Look out, there!" he cried, as Mr. Anthony laid his hand on the head of a Jersey calf that backed awkwardly from under his grasp. "Don't let her get a-hold of your coat-tail; she chewed mine to a frazzle the other day; the girls pet her so much she has no manners."

When the tour of the little farm was finished the two men came back to the veranda, and Erastus drew a rocking-chair from the front room for his guest. It was hung with patchwork cushions of "crazy" design, but Mr. Anthony leaned his tired head against them in the sanest content.

"Now you just sit still a minute," Erastus said, "and I'm a-going to bring you something you hain't tasted for a long time."

He darted into the house, and returned with a pitcher and two glasses. "Sweet cider!" he announced, with a triumphant smile. "I had a lot of apples in the fall, not big enough to peddle—you know our apples ain't anything to brag of—and I just rigged up a kind of hand-press in the back yard, and now and then I press out a pitcher of cider for Sunday. I never let it get the least bit hard; not that I don't like a little tane to it myself, but mother belongs to the W.C.T.U., and it'd worry her."

He darted into the house again, and emerged with a plate of brown twisted cakes. "Mother usually makes cookies on Saturday, but I can't find anything but these doughnuts. Maybe they won't do bad with the cider."

He poured his guest a glass, and Mr. Anthony drank it, holding a doughnut in one hand, and partaking of it with evident relish.

"It's good, Bursion," he said. "May I have another glass and another doughnut?"

His host's countenance fairly shone with delighted hospitality as he replenished the empty glass. There were crumbs on the floor when the visitor left, and flies buzzed about the empty plate and pitcher as Mrs. Bursion and her daughters came up the steps.

"Mr. Anthony's been here," said Erastus cheerfully. "I'm awful sorry you missed him. We had some cider and doughnuts."

The three women stopped suddenly, and stared at the speaker.

"Why, Paw Bursion?" ejaculated the elder daughter, "did you give Mr. Anthony doughnuts and cider out here on this porch?"

"Why, yes, Millie," apologized the father; "I looked for cookies, but I couldn't find any. He said he liked doughnuts, and he did seem to relish 'em; he eat several."

"That awful rich man! Why, Paw Bursion!"

The young woman gave an awestricken glance about her, as if expect-

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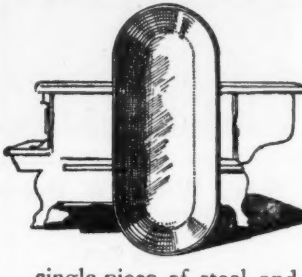
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ing to discover some lingering traces of wealth.

"Doughnuts!" she repeated helplessly. "Why, Millie," faltered the father, mildly aggressive, "I don't see why being rich should take away a man's appetite; I'm sure I hope I'll never be too rich to like doughnuts and cider."

"Didn't you give him a napkin, paw?" queried the younger girl. "No," said the father meekly, "he had his handkerchief. I coaxed him to stay to dinner, but he couldn't; and I asked him to drive out some day with his wife and daughter—he hasn't but one—they lost a little girl when she was seven—"

The man's voice quivered on the last word, and died away. Mrs. Burson went hurriedly into the house. She reappeared at the door in a few minutes without her bonnet.

"Erastus," she said gently, "will you split me a few sticks of kindling before you put away the team?"

Mrs. Burson was fitting a salad-green bodice on her elder daughter. That young woman's efforts to see her own spine, where her mother was distributing pins with solemn intentness, had dyed her face a somewhat unnatural red, but the hands that lay upon her downy arms were much whiter than those that hovered about her back. A dining-table, bearing the more permanent part of its outfit, was pushed into a corner of the room, and covered with a yellow mosquito-net, and from the kitchen came a sound of crockery accompanied by an occasional splash and a scraping of tin. Now and then the younger girl appeared in the doorway and gazed in a sort of worshipful ecstasy at her sister's splendor.

"Do you think you'll get it finished for the Fiesta, paw?" she asked, between deep breaths of admiration. Mrs. Burson nodded absently, exploring her bosom for another pin with her outspread palm.

Her husband came into the room, and seated himself on the edge of the ren lounge. His face had a strange pallor above the mask of his beard.

"You're home early, Erastus," she said; then she looked up. "Are you sick?" she asked with anxiety.

"Mr. Anthony is dead," Burson said huskily.

"Dead! Why, Erastus?"

Mrs. Burson held a pin suspended in the air and stared at her husband.

"Yes. He dropped dead in his chair. Or rather, he had some kind of a stroke, and never came to. It happened more than a week ago. I went in to-day, and Rufus told me."

Mrs. Burson returned the pin to her bosom, and motioned her daughter toward the bedroom door.

"Go and take it off, Millie," she said soberly. She was shamefacedly conscious of something different from the grief that stirred her husband, something more sordid and personal.

"It hurts me all over," Burson went on, "the way some of them talked in town. They looked queer at me when I said what I did about him. I don't understand it."

"I guess there's a good many things you don't understand, Erastus," ventured the wife quietly.

A carriage stopped at the gate, and a young woman alighted from it, and came in the walk. Erastus saw her first, and met her in the open doorway. She looked at him with eager intentness.

"Is this Mr. Burson?" she asked gently. "I am Mr. Anthony's daughter."

Mrs. Burson got up, holding the scraps of green silk in her apron, and offered the visitor a seat. Erastus held out his hand, and tried to speak. The two faced each other in tearful silence.

"I wanted to bring you this myself," the girl faltered, "because—because of what is written on the outside." She held a package of papers toward him. "I have heard him speak of you, I think. Any friend of my father must be a good man. We want to thank you, my mother and I—"

"To thank me?" Erastus questioned. "To thank me! You certainly don't know—"

"I know you were my father's friend," the girl interrupted; "I don't care about the rest. Possibly I couldn't understand it. I know very little about business, but I know my father."

She got up, holding her head high in grief-stricken pride, and gave her hand to her host and hostess.

The younger Burson girl emerged from the kitchen, a dish-towel and a half-wiped plate clasped to her breast, and watched the visitor as she went down the path.

"Her silk waist doesn't begin to touch Millie's for style," she said pensively, "and her skirt doesn't even drag; but there's something about her."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Burson, "there is something about her."

Erastus sat on the edge of the old rep lounge, looking absently at the papers.

"In the event of my death, to be delivered to my friend Erastus Burson," was written on the package.

His wife came and stood over him. "I don't know just what it means, mother," he said; "there's a deed, and my note marked 'Paid,' and a lot of two-bit and four-bit pieces. I'll have to get somebody to explain it."

He sat quite still until the woman laid her large hand on his bowed head. Then he looked up, with moist, winking eyes.

"I don't feel right about it, mother," he said. "I wish now I'd dropped in oftener, and been more sociable. It's a strange thing to say, but I think sometimes he was lonesome; and I'm sure I don't know why, for a kinder, gentler man I never met."—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

Some time, dear heart, when your sun is shining.

Where only the clouds can be seen to-day.

And you've ceased your gloomy and sad repining.

For the might have been of yesterday.

Oh then remember, and pray for me, For I, too, sing Life's threnody.

—V. J. Warren.



Should Women of Means Earn Money?

By Jane Carr.

IN the face of a recent educational issue, a question is agitating itself not only in the minds of those directly interested, but in the minds of those who think upon the subjects that touch the welfare of every member of the community. It is a question raised by the problem of supply and demand in all the departments open to the female wage-earner, the demand that is to be justly and fairly met by the efforts of the toilers that are forced upon the world for their own support.

That woman has come to the front in the battle of competition is due not so much to her love of labor as to the necessity that throws her upon her own resources, a necessity due to the changed social and economic conditions of today. Doors once closed are now open to her, and slowly but surely she is taking her place side by side with the real wage-earner.

But the recognition of her ability is still balanced by a tolerance that does not fully concede a perfect equality, and that accepts her work in the light of an inferior production. In the same field of achievement a man receives a greater recompense, and results are still judged by sex rather than by impartial merit.

It is therefore plainly seen that twice the amount of energy is demanded from the woman, and her weakness and inability to cope with difficult and trying situations find small consideration in the struggle where prejudice gives her a secondary position. And now comes a competitor twice more formidable than the man against whom the toiling woman and frail girl have been pitting their strength, and the rival is no other than a member of their own sex, a rival equipped with the assurance that comes with an existence of comfort and well-being.

The rich woman has entered into the arena, and for the sake of recreation, diversion or pocket money, matches her robust health, well-fed body and easy mind against the poorly nurtured, half developed, worried and overburdened portion of the ill-paid strugglers that labor for the daily bread.

In almost every department we find women that have homes not only of comfort but of luxury; women with fathers and even well-salaried husbands; women without a care or a burden, and yet animated by a spirit little short of greed. A liberal education has fitted them to earn easily and without effort the "pin money" that vanity squanders upon the trivial, and that unthinking selfishness puts out of the reach of real and deserving poverty. What chance has a poor girl in the race with a well-groomed aspirant? With the untruffled woman who brings to the day's work a serene brow and untroubled mind? And what gives to the deserving the harassed and careworn expression but the anxiety that comes with the uncertainty of desirable position? Rich women with talent are not denied recognition or even a display of their talent, but they should be prevented from selling their wares to the cost of those who are in absolute need.

Obtaining and filling a position is a very different thing from putting the results of one's brainwork upon the market. The invention, the book, the picture, that are bought, not because of the creator or inventor, but because of intrinsic worth unaffected by extrinsic conditions, for, after all, public refusal or acceptance is the standard that determines merit.

In determination to legislate for such a changed condition of affairs there is a clear ethical distinction to be drawn between the needy and the abundantly supplied. It is fully in the moral right of legislators to regular and investigate all future cases about which there is the slightest doubt. Little can be said to palliate the conduct of the woman that ruthlessly obtains her desire at the sacrifice of another human being's very right to live, and until people can be stimulated to a sense of personal duty

to one's own kind, there can be little improvement in the great industrial problem that is perplexing the thinkers of the times.

An End of Dancing.

Time was, a few brief lustres back, When in the many damsel'd dance, Ere I had grown supine and slack, It was my purest joy to prance The whole night long, Returning with the milkman's matins song.

My waist was relatively slim, And to the waltz's amorous flow None brought a luster turn of limb, A lighter, more fantastic, toe; It was a treat Merely to sit and watch my mobile feet.

But now the jumping movement jars Upon a frame maturely stout; And when I've borne a dozen bars I find my wind is giving out; I wheeze; I puff; I tell my partner I have had enough.

And while I undergo repair, And she, impatient, paws the ground, I ask myself what brought me there, Why should I go careering round, Husted and hot, And talking unimaginable rot?

Dear Joan (contemporary flame) Is now a fixture by the wall; And Joan the Second, with the same Red hair that held my heart in thrall, Has not, I see, Inherited her mother's taste for me!

Such, roughly, be the reasons why At 10 p.m., replete with food, When o'er a pipe my pensive eye Betrays the after-dinner mood, I loathe to rise And irk myself with choric exercise.

Ah, Ladies, you whose halls of light Lament the dearth of dancing males, Have pity! Though my heart is right, Think of the solid flesh that quails! Ask me no more To pound with ponderous foot the shining floor!

And you, Terpsichore, the One I wooed the most of all the Nine!—Now that my palmy days are done, Now, ere my drooping powers decline By further slumps— To you I dedicate these pious pumps!

—O. S.

Stronger Than Meat.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State, writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as good. He says:

"For the past five years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of diseases it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Great archaeological discoveries have been made in Mashonaland, South Africa, between the Limpopo and Zambezi Rivers, where several scientists sent at the expense of the British Government have unearthed a whole city containing temples and fortifications in a fine state of preservation. It is said the discoveries give the impression of civilized people who must have existed at least three or four thousand years ago. The inhabitants knew the use of metals, and articles of iron, copper and gold are among the discoveries.

A lawsuit which makes Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce seem like a summary proceeding is still pending in Spain, and is probably the longest suit in point of time in the history of the world. The case, which is between the Marquis de Viana and the Count Torres de Cabrera, began in 1517, and arose out of a dispute over a pension. The sum in controversy would have reached fabulous millions had not four centuries of attorneys, barristers and court officials taken considerable and effectual measures to prevent its attaining unwieldy proportions.

The gunmaker of Essen is a woman, a young woman, and the richest woman in Europe. She is Miss Krupp, daughter of the famous Herr Krupp, whose death occurred some years ago. Essen exists because of the Krupp gun works, and practically all its 100,000 inhabitants are dependent on her for their work, directly or indirectly. Pretty she is said to be—she is the richest girl in Europe; clever, it is declared—still the richest girl in Europe; wise beyond her years—again, the richest girl in Europe; simple and unostentatious in her demeanor—remember, the richest girl in Europe; and she is to be introduced to society under the direct patronage of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. Perhaps more interesting than her wealth is the fact that by refusing to sell arms to several nations, Miss Krupp could insure their good behavior for a while. They would not know where to go for guns were she to cut off their credit.

"The opium used for smoking is an after preparation," said Dr. J. R. Anderson. "It is the result of a putrefied process, by which all the irritating matter is got rid of, and only the soothing and soporific qualities remain. This smoking opium or chandu, as it is got by intense heat, and requires much care in the process. The men who prepare it are said to be in a perpetual state of cerebral exaltation from the fumes of the boiling opium. The drug is so precious that the very paper through which the chandu is strained is carefully preserved, as is the bowl of water in which the workman from time to time washes his hands, and the refuse, consisting of charcoal and salts of opium. The refuse is smoked by the poor who cannot afford chandu. It costs them half price. When smoked it leaves a second residue, called by the Chinese samshing, which is mixed with arrack and drunk by the very poorest, who cannot go without their drug and yet cannot afford its price."

War has been robbed of much of its romantic side, and in these days when death-dealing machines reign supreme men who go to war need be more courageous than those who fought in the days of old, when enemies faced one another in the open. The naval man has more ground for fearing the hidden dangers than those afloat which meet the eye. Submarine boats, and mines, and torpedoes are calculated to test the nerves of the most courageous. All the ingenuity of inventors of warlike machines seems to be directed towards attaining a weapon which not only deals destruction in a wholesale manner, but with the smallest chance of disclosing its location. The latest weapon is the Humbert gun, a French invention. It makes no flash or noise, and is warranted not to recoil, whilst it discharges projectiles, each of which contains 450 shot, at the rate of 1,200 an hour. Four miles from this gun a regiment of 1,000 wooden men was stationed. The gun shot at the dummies for a minute, and almost every wooden man was found to be hit.

"Birds suffer more than man from the mosquito," a naturalist said. "Frequently the mosquito can't get at man, but birds he can always get at. The male mosquito is harmless. He never stings. It is the female who does all the mischief. Male and female alike live through the winter. After the mosquito's egg is first hatched, the creature that issues forth is called a wriggler. The wriggler lives in water, in marshy pools, in the puddles and the ooze of low-lying meadows. He is like a tiny snake, and he must come to the surface to breathe. Hence kerosene as a mosquito exterminator. Ladle out kerosene on a pool of water and two table-spoonfuls will spread until they cover effectively fifteen square feet. This oily covering is as air-tight as a skin. If there are any wrigglers in the water under it they must die, they must smother. Some think mosquitoes feed on blood alone. This is a mistake. If a mosquito can't get human blood or bird blood or animal blood, it stabs plants and feeds on their juices. How I wish we could convert the mosquito to an exclusive use of this vegetarian diet!"

Recently a Parisian has visited America who has the trained eye of the realist. He sees us as we are, has some understanding of what we wish to be, and bears no malice toward his entertainers—rather a rare thing, by the way. M. Jules Huret is the name of this intuitive gentleman, whose book *From San Francisco to New York*, published in French, is reaching Americans through translations published in a daily newspaper. One of his brilliant letters has been devoted to Dowie the Incomparable, and while Dowie has sharpened the point of many a satiric pen, never has he been set forth in all his amazing

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J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Canadian Agents, Montreal.

absurdity, quite to the life, as by this Frenchman, says the *Reader Magazine*. "To know that such a man could exist," he cries, "would dare to exist in the twentieth century—above all, that it should be possible to find in Chicago, the most positive and the most mercantile city in America, 10,000 human beings enslaved, dominated, subjugated by the insupportable audacity of this man—I think, passes the bounds of European comprehension!" He explains Dowie at length, enters into the history of the "Commercial Apostle," and presents the public with this little etching: "This new Messiah is 57 years old. He is a little man, corpulent. He is bald, but his face is covered with a long, white, patriarchal beard which extends up to his little, piercing, fascinating eyes, in which can be read the instinct of domination of a sly charlatan. His voice is strong and clear, his words colored, and his discourse strewn with metaphors and Biblical images, frequently, in imitation of the prophets, with imprecation and abuse. His physical force and his mental activity are equally extraordinary. He works twenty or twenty-four hours at a time, and compares himself to a new St. Paul."

Male and Female Laps.

"A man, seated, closes his knees to catch an object thrown on his lap. A woman, in similar circumstances, opens hers."

"There is a fact," said a novelist, "that Mark Twain used in *Huckleberry Finn*. Huck is disguised as a girl, and a woman throws an object into his lap. Though he has on a skirt, he hasn't sense enough to spread his knees apart, so as to catch the object better—he claps them together, as a trousered man would do. It is a good point, this distinction between the male and female lap, but how often it has been used!"

"An English novelist, in a book called *The White Rose*, uses it. Pierre de Col-dirotti, the Italian romancer, uses it in his well-known *Maidens and Love*. The Frenchman, Henri Paul, uses it in his *Widow's Tears*."

"I don't think Mark Twain stole the idea from any other writer, and I don't think any other writer stole it from Mark Twain. It is one of those universal ideas, as widespread as skirts and trousers themselves, that any literateur has a right to pretend he originated."

A Wise Child.

Down at the Sea Breeze the other day was small Miss Margery, aged four, walking along the bluff with a friend of her mother's who had accompanied the family on a day's outing.

"Don't go so near the edge," cautioned the child's companion, as the venturesome little one frolicked in the dangerous place, and as the advice was unheeded added: "It won't be my fault if you fall over."

"No," said Margery, "but you'll be the one blamed for it."—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

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Lady Gay's Column

SOMETIMES, of nights, just as I am falling asleep, I wonder what the fearless woman is doing now. She may be in Switzerland or Germany or the hospital or the morgue, for she is a fearless woman of vast possibilities. We discovered her, Billie and I, one wet afternoon at sea, as we strolled about the dingy, slippery deck in search of fresh mischief. She was hatless, and the rain was making her scant hair stringy and unlovely, her strong-lined face was set in a sad pucker of valiant resignation; she looked lonely and friendless and pathetic, with a strong pathos, however, which suggested that she stood in the rain because she wanted to. Said I to Billie, "See that poor old dame? Let's take her for a walk." So we sidled up to her, and gently slipped a hand under either arm, and remarked with a nerve developed on shipboard, "We've come to take you for a constitutional!" and away we went. The old traveller may have been too surprised or too embarrassed or too indignant to speak, for she simply walked, while we told her stories, and showed her porpoises and enlightened her as to the various things one puzzles over aboard ship. She was as bright as a dollar about comprehending the log, the steering gear, the bells and so forth, nodding her head at Billie's yarns and smiling the slow, quiet, humorous smile of three-score and over at some of our sallies and jokes. When we had enough of her we placed her on the same spot we found her, and to Billie's winning smile and gracious question, "May we take you again to-morrow?" the old lady nodded and smiled mysteriously and said, "Perhaps." Then she seemed to gather herself up and added: "My opinion of you two is that you are a pair of clips!" which reduced Billie and me to shouts of laughter, much to the curiosity of our fellow passengers.

As the voyage proceeded, we cultivated the fearless woman and became hugely interested. Figure to yourself a maiden of over threescore, who all her life of toil and trial and sorrow and care had been possessed of a burning desire to "see things," but had been tied to a little Canadian town burdened by a small business, many vicissitudes and scores of years of waiting, suddenly becoming possessed of the where-withal and the chance to spend it in "seeing things." She wanted to do Italy and Switzerland and the Rhine and London and Paris. Indeed, I don't feel sure that the land of the Midnight Sun wasn't on her itinerary. Billie and I used to retire to secluded parts of the boat and marvel at her, but she never seemed to doubt her triumphant progress and her safe return before Christmas to that small Canadian town. She spoke only English, and that with great force and deliberateness. We enjoyed her every day with increasing gusto. Others, seeing our glees, made up to her, but received scanty encouragement. She regarded herself as our special find and found us all-sufficient. She would pat a certain fat pocket, ambushed somewhere, and suggestively chinking and jingling would say recklessly: "Here's my best friend, a bag of gold sovereigns." We implored her to be discreet else someone would separate her and that best friend some dark night, and she promised, in a genial manner, merely to oblige us. The last evening aboard, Billie found her sitting on one of her boxes, telling her beads, and quietly weeping, because at last some idea of the abject loneliness before her seemed to have reached her brave old heart. The comfortings of Billie could be passing sweet, and the tears were soon dried, and early next morning we saw the last of her, good old soul, driving off in a four-wheeler to look at lodgings in London. Often since that morning I have wondered how she has won through, and where she is, for of all the temerity I've collided with in the course of a long experience there has been nothing so daring, so reckless, so fascinating in possibilities as that of the fearless woman.

Just to break her in, as it were, Billie and I took her a jaunt to Trouville, prettiest of French seaside towns, and told her weird tales of possible adventures, and gave her to understand that an indiscreet look or word would land her in a flirtation with some reckless Frenchman, who might be susceptible to *les beaux yeux de sa cassette*. And her pretense of believing us and her demure side glances were quite too delightful. Almost tragic was it to see her attempted precipitate flight from the picture gallery at Havre when she came face to face with a gentleman done in marble who had dispensed with clothing of any description. She was honestly shocked, and to our weak and faltering assurances that she'd see lots worse than he in Italy she said severely, "No, I shan't, for I won't look at 'em." And I am doubtfully wondering if she does look, or if she runs away in Italy as she tried to do in Havre! It is more than likely that when Billie and I go to see her, some time next winter, as we've solemnly promised to do, she will meet us with the same silent nod, and that we shall never know how much or how little she has received for her bagful of golden sovereigns. But we shall pump her very patiently, for her experiences will surely make rare telling, and perhaps if she tells her beads regularly and doesn't slap her pocket too obviously, she may keep out of the morgue and other damp, unpleasant places!

A certain burden was laid upon my soul during a recent home voyage. It was the burden of the unknowing emigrant. He and she were of many sorts and conditions, and it was a case of the come-ups and the come-downs with every variation necessary for exasperation and pathos. "I am going to Algoma," said a fine-looking but not very wise young man. "It's some miles west of Quebec or Montreal, I forget which."

Another was going to look about in Winnipeg, and if nothing turned up he was (not going to turn it up himself) coming down to Toronto to see how things were. When one realized the comfortable, methodical and sedate life which was the past of the tall, quiet, soft-voiced emigrant, a life of top-hat and frock coat and church parade and five o'clock tea, one felt like labelling him back to London in a most arbitrary fashion. Or did one feel sufficient interest in the pair who had seen better days and would probably see worse ones, or the bright capable little widow who was pluckily facing an unknown continent, and who will be the treasure of some kitchen yet or I'm mistaken, or the vulgar little Cockney, who, being remonstrated with upon certain curious habits, burst out with the statement that "English could 'old their own and she wasn't going to be put upon by a set of Canadians," one could scarcely help a tremor and a sort of apprehension for these people, with their careless or mistaken or vulgar ideas about life on this side of the sea. But there was only one voice from high or lowly about Canada as we sailed up the great gulf and entered the St. Lawrence, with such a sky and such a sun and such a scene of sweet dignity and quaint picturesque as surely never are seen elsewhere. "Magnificent," "lovely," "grand," were the words one heard on every side. The French, the English, the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh, joined in these praises, and even we, to the manner born, felt that the imperial river was surely never so fair before. There was a royal storm in the distant country, but it rolled by and we were spared; there were sunsets which one could not miss, though eatables and appetite tempted, and pretty little towns, and by and by a lordly steamship catching us up, strains from the Irish Guards' band floating from her decks as she passed us with fine scorn, and not so much as a whistle to our slower and surer craft. For she of the music and the luxury lies to-day with a hole in her "tummy" just about the same part of the river where we enviously watched her giving us her swell, while our old solersides is pegging stolidly across the herring-pond to Havre, the hare and the tortoise in affairs afloat!

A certain enthusiastic lady resident on the Island was getting up a fête for some favorite object. Provisions, etc., were being sent across by the ferry, and at the same time a number of ten-foot bamboo rods were in transit for the support of the Yacht Club's decorative flags for the Battenberg festivities. An inquisitive passenger asked one of the deckmen, "What are these things for?" referring to the bamboo poles. "Well, those," said the deckhand, who knew not French as she is pronounced, "are to decorate Mrs. —'s feet!"

LADY GAY.



RETORT COURTEOUS.

Smith—Don't you believe me?
Smythe—Yahs, dear boy, I believe you. But if I told you that yarn I would not ask you to—believe me—aw!

Lazy Man Avoids Holland.

The man who is too lazy to work keeps out of Holland if he is wise, or makes his escape as soon as he discovers that there, at least, a means has been found to make him work. When a prisoner or pauper refuses to work he is lowered into a cistern, which is provided with a pump at the bottom. A stream of water is turned on, and the tiler is left to his own devices. The capacity of the pump is but slightly in excess of the stream flowing into the tank, and to keep his head above water he must keep pumping.

As a rule, he spends some little time before he finds that the water is slowly creeping upon him. He is not urged to go to work, but presently he takes his place at the handle and begins the task. By working quickly he is able to clear out the water after a short time, but he has to keep at work if he wishes to keep dry feet. There have been occasions when a stubborn offender has refused to pump and has quietly floated upon the water until fished out by the keeper, but this simply doubles his task, and he is not taken from the water until he is able to keep afloat no longer.

Nell—It's an opal ring Mr. Cheapside gave me. Belle (examining it)—Er—do you like it? Nell—Yes, but there's an old superstition, you know. I'm afraid it will bring me bad luck. Belle—Don't worry. The worst this could bring you would be an imitation of bad luck.

The American Husband.

By the Lady Helen Forbes.

There once was a lady who said that she wished for her daughter as the best experiences which life has to offer a woman, "An Irish lover and a Scotch husband." Now why should she not have said an American husband? Individual women may have a prejudice in favor of their own countrymen north, south, or east, and like choose to mate with like; but man for man the American is the best husband all the world over.

The American towards women is the most chivalrous man in existence. Where other men cast themselves as a maid, he looks on himself as a beggar maid, he looks on himself as a beggar man and woman as a queen. He is also of all men the most unselfish. An English husband regards himself as the head of the house and the womenfolk merely as ministering to his needs and pleasures; but in an American ménage it is the man who toils by the sweat of his brow to provide his wife and daughters with whatever they may choose to desire. On the American man are avenged all the wrongs which the sex has ever suffered or could possibly suffer; and he takes his lot meekly, thankful that a bright and beautiful being should deign to glorify his name by wearing it in the eye of the world. He does not want to obtrude the details of his own sordid existence on the attention of the bright and beautiful being; he is content with the unobtrusive rôle of her banker.

Now the hundredth woman wants to share the life of her husband. She would rather toil up the ladder of fame and riches with him, step by step, hand in hand, than sit ever so gloriously on the top watching him bird's-eye-wise on his painful upward journey; she would rather know all the hopes and fears, the ups and downs, and bear half their burden than that he should keep them from her even for her good. She wants to take half of what makes his hair gray and his heart heavy as well as half what makes his eye confident and his step light. Prosperity to her needs the sweetening of past and overcome adversity.

But the ninety-and-nine other women prefer only to divide the spoils of war, or if possible to appropriate the whole of them. They do not want worries and troubles and vicissitudes which spoil their looks and their digestions. And from the point of view of abstract justice they are quite right. If they are not responsible for the ups and downs and fluctuations, why should they bear the anxiety of them? Woman was meant for the lighter side of life, for the sun, for all things joyful and pleasant; she should always be seen gay and debonair, turning a smiling face on the world, the smile of natural overflowing joyousness, not the rigid smile with which pride masks bitter pain. The kind of husband who will provide the atmosphere in which a woman can flourish as nature intended is the best husband she can find. As to the other sort of woman—well, she is only one to a hundred.

This is the husband that America grows. He asks little and therefore, of course, receives it. Perhaps he would like more, but he is generous. His aim is to make his wife happy first and foremost; afterwards perhaps she will deign to throw him a crumb or two from her table. This is a jewel of a husband compared with the man to whose happiness and convenience the wife is the perpetual living sacrifice.

The Americans have revised the marriage service (which indeed was sadly in need of editing). I do not know if they have deleted the word "obey," but they have certainly dispensed with the practice. An American woman has one law, which is that of her own desires; and an American husband has one wish, that she should gratify them.

Men are what women make them, and the American husband is the American woman's handiwork. She can be proud of him, for she has made him very well. Now and then, spoilt by her good fortune, she may compare him to men of other nations to his disadvantage; she may be dazzled by personal beauty or by the glamor of historic names in other men; she may fancy he cuts a poor figure beside the sparkling epigrammatist or the war-haloed soldier. But she should ask herself if she would like to drag half over the world in the most uncomfortable manner possible with the soldier; to hear the epigrams and witty sayings in the course of construction; to pale, a half-extinct star, beside the effulgence of an Adonis; or to be the mere unconscious pendant of a coronet, rather than to reign supreme, the queen of the hive, with an amiable working bee in the background asking nothing better than to take the whole burden of the sordid side of life on his own shoulders so that hers may never bend beneath its weight.

In other words, she should reflect whether she is the hundredth woman or one of the comfortable ninety-and-nine who want good things, and by force of wanting nothing else generally get them. For one of these women, she may enjoy being made love to by a Celt or a Latin, who will probably do it delightfully; she may cast an occasional regretfully admiring eye on the physique of a Teuton or the half-Oriental flame of a Slav; but if she wants the substance of happiness and not the shadow she will marry the American.

Lord Russell's Story.

Lord Russell of Kilowen was rather fond of telling the following: "An Irish girl was taking a walk with a young Irish priest and a son of Lord Charles, one on either side of her. They were talking of some renowned English beauty, and the girl made a disparaging remark about her countrywomen, saying that beauty had died out in Ireland since the English conquest."

"I don't think it has died out altogether," said the young priest. "I fancy I have seen beauty in this country fully equal to any you can find across the channel; but that, Frank," he added, slyly, looking at his male companion, "is between you and me."—London Tit-Bits.

Correspondence Column

The above Column must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

SEMPER FIDELIS—A short word is the rule to-day, for there is ever such a pile waiting. October 23, Scorpio, water sign, great and powerful. The army, I should fancy, would suit your style best. Ambition, snap, care, love of display and approval, and a generally smart and rather able sort of person. You should succeed.

NORAH—Something very well worth while, indeed. It isn't a hopeful nor buoyant person, but a very forceful and, I think, recuperative one, not easily abashed or kept down. Temper good, mind bright and aim generally sensible. Disposition isn't matter-of-fact, plenty of imagination, and decided cleverness, probably in artistic work. Aries, (April 2), fire sign, inspiration, leadership, talent and original thought. Some taste for the occult which may be indulged beneficially. A good development shown.

LILLIAN—You have enough optimism and imagination to counteract some January weaknesses. January 6, Capricorn, an earth sign. Methodical, opinionated, sometimes prejudiced, self-willed, sensitive, and sometimes gloomy; you are practical and good-tempered; should make a fairly valuable trained nurse, reliable and conscientious. Also a good "home-maker," if not too set in your own way.

ISABELLA FROM RUSSIA—All right, my good soul. Your sentiments do you honor. Your writing shows honest, generous, frank and very simple tastes with some love of appearances, and a certain desire for approbation honestly deserved. You are not logical nor particularly consistent in argument, but your tone is fine and your force of purpose and tenacity good. I think you are a bit of an idealist. You appreciate beauty and probably art also, and you have still enough ambition to make life interesting.

DOMINI—It is an ill-balanced hand, one liable to make one or two mistakes in life and suffer much from them. I think the writer has probably capacities above the common, and would meet the world with caution. There is an unduly strong streak of obstinacy and a purpose not easily balked for good or evil. The impulse is unreliable and general tone a bit puzzling. Writer could easily do unwise things. Has a strong animal nature and but little in the judgment. Sometimes errors, and penalty will surely follow.

JESSIE M.—September 11, Virgo, an earth sign, very kindly and interested in humanity when well developed. Likely to be successful home-maker; practical, perceptive and optimistic, adaptable, good-tempered, full of your own concerns, a fairly good business head, explicit and decided, companionable, loquacious, contented and somewhat brainy. Very best wishes for your happiness in new home.

UNHAPPY ANNIE—December 3, Sagittarius, a fire sign. Your fire seems a bit smoky, my girl; open the draughts and clean the flues. Sure no one can have it bright with everything shut down! Do you understand me? How to overcome self-mistrust? Reflect what a really grand and great being you are, part of the Omnipotent, some day to achieve perfection, to-day to rise over all temporary and tiresome troubles if only you determine to do so. Those circumstances you mention are only tests of your mettle. No circumstances can hinder the growth of a soul.

LECKUARY—Is that your name at all? Yes, those emigrants must largely pervade the atmosphere out West. Your writing is honest, frank and not very finished, and your ideas seem a bit hazy on some subjects. We work in the East, my girl, and hard, too, though not perhaps in your way. Imagination, original fancy, perseverance and inspiration, fair discretion and a good deal of sentiment appear.

FLORENCIA G.—So very sorry. These delays! Well, your subject matter was certainly apropos. September 29, Libra (the Scales), an air sign. Variable temperament, bright and original though, generous, somewhat exacting, fond of praise and depending much on it for inspiration to do yourself justice. A mistrust of others, care for details, clever method and tone, practical but not extra firm purpose, a generally plausible, tactful and ingratiating manner, affection and very good self-preservation and esteem are indicated in your lines.

NATURE—Pessimism is born in some people, and lack of harmony may not be innate but forced upon one from outside influences. October 10 (same as Florence G.). Your writing is still forming, a fairly worthy study, lacking inspiration and generally rather commonplace. Time and experience is all you need, I fancy.

K. F. D.—See "Weary Willie" for Aquarius sign. You are also developing fairly well, and should succeed. February 13 is a capital date to live up to.

WEARY WILLIE—February 5, Aquarius, an air sign, full of possibilities, but careless of them in many instances. Aquarius people can become wonders if they take the care and interest necessary to development. There is great sentiment, some susceptibility, cheerfulness and buoyancy, ambition and ability, good logic and practical methods, fair discretion and some enterprise, adapt-

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ability, detail, egotism, taste for beauty and harmony, somewhat crude but promising, smart but not cultured. What do I think of it? It's pretty nearly all right and you can easily make it quite so.

Roasting the Scorchers.

"Madam," said the stern judge, "you are accused of violating the city ordinance by running your automobile at the rate of forty-seven miles an hour. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Mrs. Watters Stockton, the proud society woman, raised her chin high in the air and her eyes flashed as she replied, in a voice as cold and firm as though she were giving orders to her butler, "Guilty."

"Madam," said the judge, "you are the first woman who has faced me for scorching, but that fact does not affect me in the least. Nor do I care because your husband is worth \$50,000,000. And I am informed that you are worth \$30,000,000 in your own name. Madam, the size of your fortune does not interest me in the least. Nor will it cause me to treat you more leniently than if you were a woman arrested for stealing bread for your starving children. You sped down a crowded street, and worst of all, just as the children who had been dismissed from a neighboring school were crossing that crowded thoroughfare. You endangered not only men and women, but the defenseless children, and I shall treat you with as much severity as though you were a man. You are fined \$10 and costs."

Children's Shoes

Got some romping, healthy, real children at your house? With big appetites and wonderful power of "rucking out" shoes. They're the youngsters we're after.

We want to prove our children's shoes are made of "stuff that wears." You'll notice the difference between our shoes and the other kind as soon as you give them a trial.

\$1.75 to \$3.00 according to size.

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114 YONGE ST.

Won by Waiting.

The luncheon service had been particularly slow, but none the less did Uncle Harry leave a quarter by his plate for the waiter. Wherefore small Reginald asked:

"Why did you give the man money, uncle?"

"For waiting," came the answer.

"You ought to have divided 'tween us; we did the waiting," said small Reginald.



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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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The Drama

THERE is at the Princess Theater this week a show of considerable gorgeousness and magnitude, *Humpty Dumpty*, and although the stage is rather small it gives Toronto theatergoers a good idea of what a Drury Lane pantomime must be. As is natural, the chief feature of a pantomime is the spectacular effect, the beauty and grace of the performers, and the color schemes and beauty of the costumes. In all these things *Humpty Dumpty* is far ahead of any show before presented in Toronto. Particularly beautiful are the various scenes in the second act with their tinted lights and glittering dresses. Graceful, too, are the aerial flights of the Grigolatis' troupe when they sweep through the air like beautiful birds. Many of the songs are good. *Man, Man, Man*, sung by Frank Moulton; *Texas Dan*, *Pussy* and the *Bow-wow*, and *Mexico*, etc., all meet with considerable applause, and taken all round *Humpty Dumpty* is good and should be very successful.

Hanlon Brothers' *Fantasia* is being produced at the Grand Opera House this week and as a pantomime is quite good, many brilliant scenic effects, humorous situations and weird mechanical changes being introduced. A very efficient company of acrobats and pretty girls present the play. Mr. Fred Hanlon as *Prio* is particularly good. Mr. Ralph De Haven, Mr. George Hanlon, Miss Clara Thropp and Miss Lorle Palmer are all clever and play their parts very effectively.

Marshall P. Wilder heads the bill at Shea's this week and we find that he has lost none of his power to entertain, and he gains great applause by his clever, dry sallies and imitations; most of his talk is new and if possible funnier than ever. Rae and Benedict are clever, and give a capital performance on the revolving ladder. Mignonette Kokin is a clever comedienne and graceful dancer. Galletti's monkey turn is very amusing and the performers seem well trained and rather too human. Dorsch and Russell have a musical turn which is novel, bright and amusing. Chris Bruno has a farcical sketch entitled *Tricks of the Trade*. Harry Le Clair is funny and rather satirical in his impersonations of famous actresses. The Kinetograph completes the bill.

Pointers.

It is always bad for the truth when a liar speaks it. How to get even with some men—Pay them what you owe them.

New explosives are being discovered daily, but powder is still good enough for the ladies.

The seaside girl who had no bathing costume said she didn't go into the water because she was unsuited for such pastimes.

A man is judged by the clothes that he wears at business, and a woman by the clothes she does not wear in the ballroom.

Things even up pretty well, after all. Men throw banana skins on the pavement, and then the banana skins throw men on the pavement.

If this is the best time to buy coal, as we are informed by a contemporary, why shouldn't January be the best time to lay in a stock of fly papers?

Other things have been settled by scientific research, but no one has yet been able to determine accurately whether or not a big man suffers more than a small man when he has the gout.



BLACKMAIL.

Enraged Small Boy (who has been refused a copper by Johnny)—Don't you have nothing to do with him, lady. I see him take another girl in there yesterday.



First Fond Mamma (whose hopes have lately been dashed)—Our heartiest congratulations on dear Violet's engagement, Mrs. Hookham.
Second Fond Mamma (whose hopes have been realized)—Thank you. We are delighted. Captain Norton is such a charming fellow.
First Fond Mamma—Yes, and so self-sacrificing!

The Murmurs of Chadband.

DEAR BROTHER,—The longer I stay at this seaside boarding-house the more am I appalled at the wickedness of my fellow creatures. The sinful young men here are so abandoned that even actions of a simple and generous kind fail to excite a just approval. I have recently gone out of my way to temporarily aid a fellow creature in distress, and instead of being applauded for my kindness and good nature, I have been actually the subject of cheap abuse on this account. Let me tell you how it was. A dear old lady confided to me in the drawing room the other afternoon that her son had written to her in a hurry for ten pounds, and she was much troubled because it would take her about a couple of days to get the money from London to send to him. As I was much affected by her recital, I offered to lend her this amount for a day or two on the understanding that she should pay me two shillings interest in the pound per diem as long as the loan remained unpaid. I was sorry to find that the lady was not as grateful as she should have been for my kindness; but as she needed the money promptly she agreed to my terms, which were, of course, just and fair, otherwise I should not have made them. The lady had the use of my money for two days, and consequently I was entitled to claim two pounds by way of interest, which she duly paid me. The loan ran, as a matter of fact, two or three hours over the second day.



"Kissed each other several times before my very eyes."

but I generously waived the right the law gave me to charge a third day's interest, as I am thankful to say I am not a hard man and love to temper justice with mercy. As it happened the news of this entirely private business transaction has leaked out, and several of the young men here have been most rude to me about it, calling me a usurer and other hard and offensive names. I told them in reply that if instead of spending their time in idle frivolity they would look at life more seriously, and devote their minds diligently to worthy and honorable business dealings, they would prosper as I have done, and be blessed as I have been. Their only reply was, however, to make coarse jests at my expense; and to show you the depths of degradation to which young men have sunk to-day, one of them actually threatened me with personal violence. And all because I had gone out of my way to help a fellow creature in distress, and had reaped for my goodness the reward that always comes to the just and upright!

That, however, was by no means the end of my troubles. When I recall what happened last night I almost despair of trying to do good in the world. The wicked seem to be having it all their own way, and the good man must suffer because their shallow minds are unable to recognize his superior virtues. I had spoken to one of the young women most seriously yesterday evening about the sin of permitting a young man to embrace her—I may say that I had strolled into the dining-room on the previous evening, and had caught them at it. I said that such conduct pained and shocked me beyond all expression. I have never had a desire to kiss anybody myself, and I therefore consider it is quite wrong for other people to do such things. The young lady was very polite and rude in reply, and did not at all appreciate the fact that I was only talking to her for her good. At dinner time I noticed the young man looking at me and whispering to each other, but as I am by this time accustomed to the hostility of the wicked, I paid little attention to their appalling behavior.

After dinner, however, I learned the meaning of these mysterious conversations. It was brought home to me with painful abruptness. I had remained reading in the dining-room with the righteous intent of preventing the scandalous meetings of engaged couples, when several young men hurried in and seized me. Without a word of warning they tied me fast to my chair, in spite of my angry protests and denunciations. And then the young women were brought in, and the engaged couples positively kissed each other several times before my very eyes. Oh, my brother, I expected every moment to see the earth open and swallow them up for their wickedness; and I can only suppose they have been reserved for some still more awful punishment by and by. I trust it is so; as it is of no use being good if we are not to make anything out of it. I was so inexplicably shocked that I shut my eyes and groaned aloud; and then one of the young men had the appalling sinfulness to turn out the gas. Oh, my brother! Though I could no longer see the poor sinners in each other's arms, I could hear their empty giggling and their foolish hilarity. After about a quarter of an hour they left me a one with my great sorrow, and when I had called for help for some time, one of the waiters came and released me. I shall leave this boarding-house to-morrow, as it is no place for a good man, even though he be as anxious as I am to lift the low creatures up to his own exemplary and exalted level. I trust I may find in other surroundings more encouragement to carry on my great and noble work of turning people's thoughts from frivolous pursuits to serious business. Yours, in the Cause,

A. CHADBAND.

Should Cats Smoke?

By Barry Pain.

THE editor is somewhat surprised that he never really received any of the following letters, as this is unquestionably the season for them:—

"Dear Sir,—It is difficult for me to express what my feelings were on reading the letter signed 'An Animal-lover' in your last issue. It is bad enough that any woman should so far forget her duty to the poor creatures who are dependent upon her as deliberately to teach a young Persian kitten to smoke cigarettes, but that she should write to this paper and advocate the practice of smoking among cats shows either the most brutal callousness or an ignorance which is even worse than actual cruelty. The cat, sir, is by nature one of the noblest of God's animals. In many a lowly cottage it catches the mice, it cheers the home, and is the devoted plaything of the children. What right have we to drag such an animal down to our level? It is bad enough that the poison of tobacco has permeated every grade of society. I am credibly informed that Mr. Chamberlain smokes, and it is impossible to pass along a London street without having actual and offensive evidence that the British workman smokes also. I am even aware that some women are so lost to any sense of decency or honor as to smoke a cigarette themselves. But, sir, think of the poor cats. Hitherto their abstinence from alcohol and tobacco has been one of their chief attractions. If the practice gains ground with them I for one must give up cats altogether. I cannot, nay, I will not, have a cat enter my drawing-room reeking of the Havana cigar which it has just finished on the tiles outside. Let us remember, too, that this is but the thin end of the wedge. A cat that smokes will most assuredly drink also. No, sir; no true lover of these charming pets can ever wish to degrade them to the human level.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, Jane Amelia Watson."

"Dear Sir,—I have read with great interest the letter of 'An Animal-lover' in your last issue. Why should cats be debauched from a pleasure which, thanks to the enterprise of many firms—my own, I hope, amongst the number—is now placed within the reach of the very poorest? All that is required is a cigarette specially adapted to the use of cats. In all probability they will never learn to hold the cigarette in the lips, and therefore a stout card mouthpiece must be provided. Also it must be remembered that the cat is much smaller than the human being and has a more delicate nervous constitution. Its tendencies to insomnia are too well known to require more than a passing reference. Therefore the tobacco used in these cigarettes should be particularly mild and specially blended. Such a cigarette we are now placing upon the market in boxes of twenty-five at the moderate price of 1s. per box. All those who possess cats or take a friendly interest in them should procure these cigarettes at once. Ask for the 'Felix' brand.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, M. Ikestein."

"Dear Sir,—I really must enter a vigorous protest. I am a bachelor living in lodgings and my landlady has a cat. I venture to say there are many thousands in England to-day in a similar position. There are also many cats in a similar position, and it is already notorious that as scapegoats they are being overworked. The cat at this house not only accounts for all breakages of my property and for any articles of food that may be missing, but has also provided a perfect and sufficient excuse for the fact that breakfast on Sunday mornings is one hour late and for the failure to post several important letters of the evening before. I do not want that cat to overdo it. When I find, as I probably shall before another sun has set, that the general servant here has helped herself to my cigarettes in the interests of the young man with whom she is walking out, I do not want her to be able to say without a blush that the cat has taken to smoking.—Yours sardonically, Nemo."

"Dear Sir,—On my way to the British Museum the other morning I made a few inquiries, from which I find it to be an established fact that it is impossible to smoke and to sing at the same time. In the interests of those who like myself are compelled to spend the midnight hours in intellectual labor I most strongly support the suggestion of 'An Animal-lover'. Every cat should be taught to smoke just as every child should be vaccinated, and the law should be as strict in one case as in the other. I have no objection to the smell of tobacco although I make no use of it myself; but I have every objection to the interruption due to these filthy and abominable animals from which I nightly suffer.—I hope it will not be considered immodest if I sign myself, dear sir, very faithfully and sincerely yours, A. Scholar.—The Tattler."

A Case of "Sell"

THE exhibition of the "offly" artistic order, and young Tomkins and Miss Gardiner would never have thought of going only it was a pity to waste the tickets.

"Blest if I can make anything out of it!" he murmured as they stood before one of the pictures. "What do you make it out to be?"

"Why, don't you see," said the blushing Gladys, "he has just asked her to marry him, and she has accepted?"

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. Well, I might have known that by the title—see, on the card at the bottom."

Her blue eyes followed his gesture, but she flushed with surprise when she read "Sold."

Chips.

Teacher—I am going to send for your father, Johnny, and show him what a shocking composition you brought in to-day. Johnny—All right; send for him—I don't care. Dad wrote it.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns." "How many miles behind?" piped a voice in the gallery.

B-order (wrmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Nonsensical Glorification of the Victorious Japanese.

SPENCER regretted that militarism was as rampant in Europe in the nineteenth century as it was in the time of Charlemagne. In spite of what the names "progress" and "civilization" signify, it still remains true that victory in war will do more to build up a nation than a century of quiet sociological and intellectual development. It is a human trait to apotheosize the victor in physical combat. As of old, the Pindars still compose poems in glorification of the runners and boxers. To the nation that wins in a war all sorts of preposterous virtues are attributed, while the beaten nation is invariably described as decadent, degenerate, given over to graft, rotten at the core and, generally, gone to the dogs.

When Germany whipped France a few years ago wonderful tales were told of the foresight of German generalship. Von Moltke had only to pull some plans from a pigeon-hole when war was declared. He had planned every move years in advance. France, we were told, was a dying nation. Her officials were dishonest and incompetent, her ancient Gallic spirit departed. In the journals and the clubs of England, America and other countries much alarm was expressed lest Germany grow too cocky, and, with her veteran and victorious army, set out to conquer the world.

The same sort of talk followed the trivial little war between the United States and Spain. Santiago and Manila Bay, two very easy fights, made us a "world power." They advertised the Stars and Stripes. Foreigners heard a vast amount of nonsense about the energy and aggressiveness of Americans, the accuracy of their gunfire and the magnitude of their military resources. Before we had been in the limelight our due time, however, the war between Great Britain and the Boers broke out and took the world's and our own attention from the prowess of the United States. The British won, but at so great a cost that the war was regarded as a defeat; with the result that England lost much prestige and the English press and people are still discussing the degeneration of the British army.

Japan beats Russia and again the same phenomena appear. The Japanese are credited with a superhuman ability, quite transcending our poor Caucasian art. Japanese heroism on the field surpasses anything of the kind ever displayed by Occidental soldiers. Japanese generalship exhibits a degree of preparedness never before equalled. And everything in Russia is rotten; her soldiers are stupid and demoralized, her officers drunkards and incompetents, her rulers thieves. Fear arises that Japan may arm China and conquer Europe. People gravely shake their heads when talking of the aggressiveness which Japan will now exhibit. It is curious and has a sobering, quelling effect, while people are talking this way, to read an article in an American magazine by a Japanese named Kiichi Kaneka, who describes as a true picture of Japan to-day a country where the laborers are industrious slaves, where high officers of state lead immoral lives, where the Government is a make-believe; a country which, he says, is far behind England and the United States.

Is a Strange Woman Presumed to be Married or Single?

WHEN in doubt should one address a woman as "Miss" or as "Mrs."? Is a woman presumed to be married or single? Suppose that you are writing for the press and wish to comment on an article in a magazine by a writer of whose personal history you know nothing, and who signs herself "Mary Smith." Once or twice you may dodge the difficulty by referring to her by her full name, but if you have occasion to mention her more than twice it is necessary to speak of her as "Miss Smith" or as "Mrs. Smith." Which title should you use? The same question occurs to every business man that has to answer a letter from a feminine correspondent of whose condition as to spinsterhood he is not informed. It occurs to every drygoods clerk waiting on women, and, in fact, to every person who in the way of business must address women that are strangers to him.

Most of us sidestep the issue in oral intercourse by employing "madam" or "ma'am," but in writing an address there is no way of evading the choice except by omitting the title of courtesy—and to do that is rudeness.

Perhaps the most politic way out of the dilemma is to assume that the woman addressed is married. If she happens to be wife, widow or divorced, the title of "Mrs." is correct; if she is a spinster, the mistake is condoned by the flattering suggestion that she has captured a man. As marriage is the natural state for an adult woman, the polite presumption ought to be that she has attained the matrimonial goal. This presumption is not at all inconsistent with the acknowledgment that many women are spinsters through choice, and happy in their situation as old maids.

Why, however, should it be necessary to make any distinction between the married and the unmarried in addressing women? When commenting on a magazine article by a woman why should one be required to know whether or not she has gone through the marriage ceremony with a man? What bearing has her marital condition on the soundness of her views on the character of John D. Rockefeller, for example, or the correctness of her literary style? We take Ida M. Tarbell's articles at their intrinsic value. Why must we know whether the author has been married?

Both "Miss" and "Mrs." are diminutives of the good old English word "mistress," formerly applied impartially to all grown women. Who originated the custom of distinguishing the "Mrs." from the "Miss"? Were married women so vain of their superior condition that they insisted on a title that would denote their having succeeded in bringing a man to the altar? Who knows?

Four hundred pounds the maiden weighed.

Love's manual art he tasted.

He used his arms, until she said—

"Your efforts, dear, seem wasted."

"Shall we elope?" he asked her.

And her color came and went.

"I shouldn't like to go," she replied,

"Without papa's consent."

Mother—Willie, why do you quarrel so much with that Jones boy? Willie—Cause he's afraid to fight, mommer!



REST FOR THE WICKED.

Mary Ann—It's work, work, work, mornin', noon an' night. There's no gettin' any rest in this 'ouse.
The Missus—Well, why don't you get up earlier and take some?

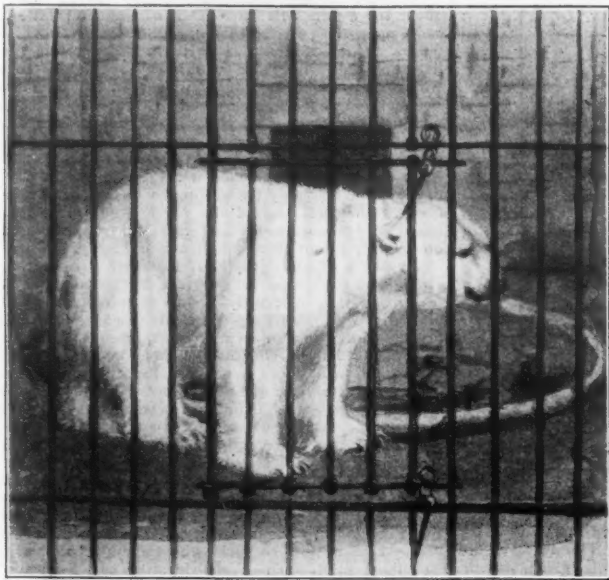
Our Riverdale Friends.

A CAKEWALK by Peter the Great! Not to be seen in the Russia with which we associate this name, but close at hand in that portion of our own town cleft Riverdale Zoo. Peter is not by nature a dancer; with him it is an acquired art. Yet he has a terpsichorean career of some distinction to look back upon. He has toured Europe, and, like most of his brothers and sisters of the profession, is reluctant to abandon the fascinations of the footlights and with unabated ardor trips the light fantastic too, that is, when not engaged in having a nap of some weeks' duration.

A red deer, a pet fox and a bird or two was the nucleus from which our present Zoo was built up in a comparatively short time into what is now one of the attractions of Toronto. The

reversed the order of things and made the covering of our lower animals grow from the tail forward how laughable would be the effect. But Nature has made no mistake of that sort, but has evolved in the present state of things a coat which offers the least resistance to stealth of movement in their native forest wilds. To prove this take a deer: pull him backward, every hair of his coat resists, and though a strong man may exert his full strength, to move him is impossible; but pull the carcass forward and the same amount of strength will cause it to slide with comparative ease. Environment and necessity have also developed the coat into bristly hardness on its most exposed portions as a protection from wind and storm, and left the under portions all their original silkiness.

No greater contrast can be imag-



In Durance Vile.

larger and rarer animals have been added as opportunity and funds have permitted.

The spectacle of these caged galls calls up in imagination the fearful perils and privations of those who have tared forth to Arctic regions or tropical jungles to capture, it not these identical animals, then their immediate ancestors. Nostalgia, hence longing for their natural environment, comes over the animals at some seasons. Perhaps at the very moment when the photographic fiend is snapping an effective and tragic pose a great heart may be breaking.

Many of the larger animals have been coveted by circus owners and flattering offers have been made for them, but it is unlikely that any will leave their present quarters, where they are fully appreciated. Dick, the tame wolf, so soft and yellow as to be easily mistaken for a colic, and so tame that he was accustomed to follow Mr. Carter, the superintendent, at heel, like a dog, captured the fancy of no less a person than Mrs. Fiske, who desired him for a pet, but the authorities at Riverdale Park refused to part with him. In passing it may be remarked that Mrs. Fiske is but maintaining the traditions of the profession in yearning for an unusual pet, a tiger having been at one time a favorite of Sarah Bernhardt.

At Riverdale there are haughty ocelots—miniature leopards in appearance—and raccoons; foxes, with a butter-would-not-melt-in-my-mouth expression of face, in neighboring cages, and sun-bears, this last a sort of pocket edition of the family of bruin. Such jolly little beggars—sleek of body with tawny colored crescent markings on their necks. As agile almost as monkeys, they are a great delight to the children as they climb up to the roof of the cage and hang by their paws, swinging back and forth and performing antics of every description. They might be designated the clowns of the menagerie.

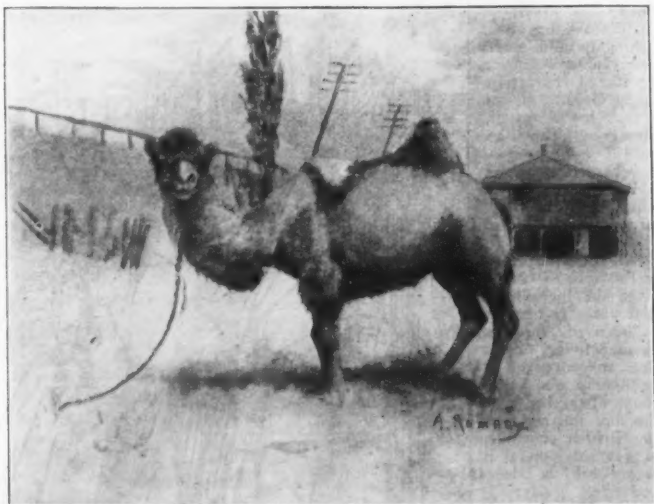
Wolves of several varieties and coyotes are among the collection. The wolf, as we know, is common father to all dogs, the anatomy of these being

ined than that between the glassy eyes of the owls and those of the deer, especially the Scotch roe-deer. These tiny creatures, which look like baby deer but are really full grown, are so appealing in their fragility that one wonders how any human being could have the heart to shoot them, especially with a gun. If they must be done to death surely the bow and arrow is the only weapon to be used against them. The elk and red deer are giants beside these small specimens, and the fallow is a step between.

The horns of the elk are now fully grown, taking but six weeks to attain full size, and are rapidly becoming hard. In the early summer the surface of the horn was quite like long-haired push. While in its velvety condition the horn itself was not much harder than a banana. This tenderness begins to lessen next to the head and dies gradually up to the tips. The fur is eventually rubbed off against trees and other objects. Instinct causes the elk, when the time arrives for the annual shedding of his horns, to seek the water side. Contact with water gives the chemical change necessary and the calcined horn drops off. Deer are supplied with a double set of nostrils, the extra set being placed at the inside corners of the eyes for use when the nose is held under water while drinking. The delicate and keen scent of a deer constitutes his chief protection from enemies, and by this arrangement this sense need never be interfered with.

A curiosity seen at the Zoo was a turtle hatched in a coat pocket. A turtle egg had been placed there and forgotten. Meanwhile the coat hung close beside a radiator and in the fullness of time, assisted by this artificial heat, the egg produced its natural offspring.

The last object in the world to appeal to a tender spot in one's memory would seem to be an alligator. Yet this ungainly companion of the turtle awoke a flood of memories. In my childhood I was the proud possessor of an alligator brought all the way from the vicinity of the Everglades. It was taken like



The Arab's Friend.

identical to every little whisker and nerve bud. But how much evolution of soul must have gone on to give such expressive eyes to the friend of man! For herein lies the most striking difference between the two, the wolf having mean, shrewd, cunning eyes without a scrap of feeling, quite unlike a certain collie gentleman of my acquaintance who with every glance melts my heart. We accept the manner in which hair or fur grows on wild animals without comment. That it grows from the nose backward is so familiar as to be no longer striking. If nature suddenly

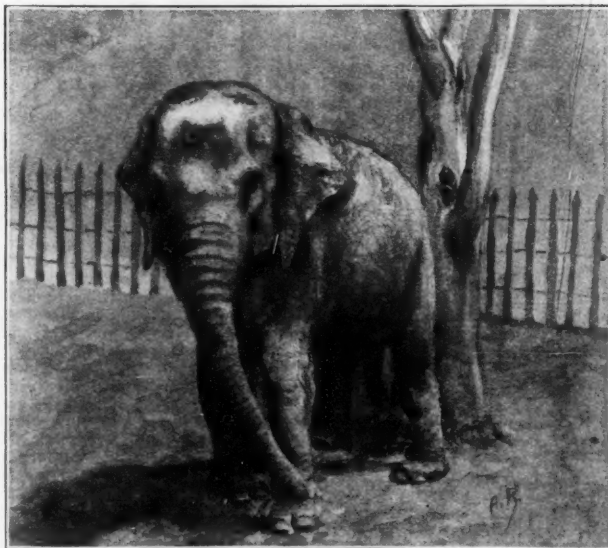
Mary's little lamb to school one day, but unlike that mild-mannered quadruped, contributed a somewhat fearful joy to the usual monotony of school life. Poor Nebuchadnezzar! his fate was a tragic one. When he was a foot in length the winter season came on. Each night he was wrapped in flannel and placed in a box of sand. In the morning he was thawed gently out from what was to us an inexplicable drowsiness by being put in the oven of the kitchen stove. One morning he was forgotten for an hour or two and the fire burned particularly well that day.

Cremating is the best means of disposing of alligators who will refuse to keep awake!

Nearby is a boarder—a Dachshund—with her small family, reminding one of Mark Twain's remark that they always looked to him as if they needed another pair of legs in the middle to keep their bodies from sagging.

The Indian elephant, compatriot of the fallow deer and the gorgeous peacock, though born in captivity, was destined to be a traveller. Poor dame, she looks in some respects the most lonely of any animal in the collection. Elephants are affirmed to be quick-witted, resourceful and reasoning in spite of their stupid appearance, but I never see them without being reminded of the old catch question with which mischievous uncles teased me in my childhood as to whether I should rather be a greater fool than I looked or look a greater fool than I was. A story of an elephant told me by a British officer, for the facts of which he vouched, proves the sagacity of one at least. This animal, which was used in the government service, had a more than usually dishonest mahout. He habitually cheated his animals in the weight of their cakes, meal for which was supplied by the Commissariat department. The elephant possessed an extraordinarily accurate idea of weight, and often by way of protest refused to eat the cakes when they were markedly deficient in size. His superiors discovered the mahout's dishonesty, but in spite of rebukes and remonstrance he continued his fraud. After some months of endurance the elephant's opportunity for retaliation arrived. While taking a bath in the Ganges he seized the mahout and held him under water until he was dead. Then deliberately walking out into deeper water he drowned himself, being unable to bear longer injustice which made life a burden.

One wonders if it is the memory of some similar injustice which makes our lady of the Zoo look so forlorn. Of what does she think as she stands there lazily flapping her great ears and switching her scant tail? Of her native jungles or the days when she toiled among her fellows? Mr. Carter says her nervous system is of the most delicate description and that on occasion she can literally tremble like a leaf. This one would scarcely expect of a lady weighing some three hundred-odd pounds over two tons weight. A small friend aged four upon a recent visit to the Zoo stopped in front of the ever charming monkeys. One sat with tail well displayed and she insisted that he was an elephant. "No," said her mother, "that is a monkey." "He must be an elephant, mother," she repeated, "because" pointing to his tail—"there is his trunk." A small boy was heard



Lalla Rookh.

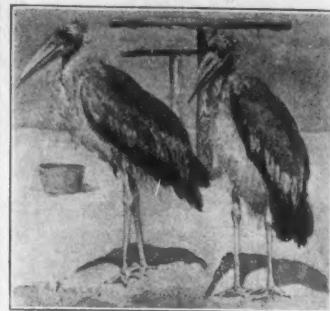
inquiring anxiously why the elephant wore her tail on her nose.

The scene at the Zoo is an animated one; there are all sorts and conditions of people, though scarcely the variety of nationality to be seen in London or Rotterdam. The beautiful zoological gardens of London upon a certain Sunday during the coronation festivities had the additional attraction of several hundred Indian natives literally blazing in gorgeous uniforms and lofty turbans. Softly pattering along in curious tan shoes, guileless of socks, the Pathans seemed less interested in the tigers than in the hundreds of types of English and colonial visitors, who for their part paid upon that occasion but little heed themselves to the cages, finding greater interest in the brawny Sikhs, tall and bowlegged, or the sturdy and equally crooked-legged though shorter Sepoys. They and those curious birds, the penguins, constituted to one visitor, at least, the great spectacle of the occasion. A word about these quaint birds. It is believed that English people are stolid, but I have seen large and fashionable crowds standing about this particular enclosure, convulsed with laughter at their comically solemn antics. Absurdly like a row of Presbyterian ministers in gown and lawn they seemed to me.

Of the feathered inhabitants of our own Zoo, the marabout stork is the most striking, with his long, thin legs and enormous beak. He looks like an old man who has outlived all his illusions, and like some of the aged human species who have deteriorated, he puts upon the pleasures of the table a high value. Make a feint of throwing something toward this pair—real feeding is discouraged at Riverdale—their eyes glitter greedily and their great bills open simultaneously with a click like machinery to snap the imaginary morsel. Japanese phoenix fowls, with graceful, arching tails—small at present, but which after the second moult will grow to fully five feet in length—are, with the gorgeous peacocks, an interesting group. So, too, are the tiny white domestic fowls, who wear such curious purple combs and wattles. None wear more brilliant hues than the Oriental pheasants, who seem to have combined

a little of everything in their makeup. From this section has been built up a considerable business in the sale of eggs and young birds among the zoological gardens of the United States.

Romances among the waterfowl come as a surprise, yet it is but a short time since there began a love story which ended tragically. The gander, with a



Candidates for the Bald-Headed Row.

complexion like Yeager flannel, conceived a passion for a goose of snowy whiteness and she returned his affection with warmth.

The other gander, which, by right of color, she should have taken for her mate, was thus left lamenting. He must have been a spiritless specimen, for he exhibited a lamentable want of pride, following the enamored pair up and down, gnashing his teeth, or whatever is their equivalent, and growing daily thinner and more unhappy until one day his lifeless body was found floating on the water. There was no inquest.

Mr. Carter tells me that practically all tropical and Arctic animals reach America via Hamburg, Hagenbeck of that port being the largest dealer in the world in this line. Seasickness has killed many specimens, the poor beasts suffering greatly and often fatally from the effects of *mal de mer*.

Most people's opinion of Nansen, the Polar bear—it was mine at first glance—is that "much thinking hath made him mad." Such, however, is not the case. With a philosophy that some of the higher animals might with advantage copy, he is trying to accommodate himself to his surroundings. The swimming see-saw movement is as near as he can get to the motion of his native haunts, peering between, above and about floating pieces of ice in quest of young walrus or seal at play. What a glorious fellow he is! surely the most beautiful in captivity. Salt baths, and I know not what other toilet luxuries,

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the condition of his humps—composed chiefly of fat—is a sort of barometrical record of his capacity to undertake the exertions and fatigues of a desert journey, their stiffness depending upon the amount of reserve strength possessed by the animal. Then, too, the glands for the outlet of perspiration, at the back of the head, constitute a radically different arrangement from that of any other animal known to us. There were times when I sneered at Moses' flat nostrils, but that was before I learned that their conformation is for the purpose of excluding the sand of his own inhospitable wastes. Last year children had the delight of a ride on the "ship of the desert." This year, however, he is not being used for that purpose. I must not omit to mention the monkeys, which, personally, I do not like; they are too horribly human. There is also a baboon for those who enjoy the contemplation of baboons. Last, but not least, are the bull and cow buffaloes. These are from the herd owned at Winnipeg and now at Banff, and presented by our own Lord Strathcona. They are about ten years of age. The lifetime of a buffalo averages about thirteen years; it will be seen, therefore, that this pair are in the sear and yellow leaf.

Many new cages—first-class ones they are—are being constructed, and their erection shows that our modest Zoo is now on a firm footing with the prospect of extension. To gentlemen of a giddy turn of mind it may be interesting to know that it is the labor of those who have looked habitually upon the wine when it is red which is utilized in building these cages, so—the "gobblins" may get you if you don't watch out." With some hesitation I offer the suggestion to the general public, and to any intending donor, that the establishment of an aquarium, such as may be seen at Belle Isle, Detroit, would be a great thing educationally for Toronto. Stuffed fish or dried bones such as one sees usually in museums can in no way convey the really flower-like beauty of some of the living specimens.

ALEXANDRINA RAMSAY.

A Hint.

The train was just about to steam out of the station when a forlorn individual with sideboard whiskers was bundled into a smoking-carriage, where a young man sat steadily smoking a cigar.

The forlorn one scowled, first at the young man, then at the cigar.

"Do you know, young man," he said in a hollow voice, "that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?"

"Really?" said the young man blandly. "And might I ask you, sir, if you are aware of the fact that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business?"

The forlorn one sighed deeply, but spoke no more.

With her bathing-suit fashioned in style. She couldn't see anything funny. When he said with a ghost of a smile. That she didn't get much for her money.



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The Robert Simpson Co., Limited,
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A Man of Dollars.

ATELY reports have appeared in the newspapers which tend to show that the figure of Russell Sage is rapidly fading out of Wall street. Mr. Sage is 89 years old and has the reputation of having devoted his life solely to the satisfaction of making money for its own sake. Lindsay Denison, writing in *The World's Work*, says of him:

"Russell Sage, for two generations, has been the skink of the great Yankee nation. Does a drummer (the drummer is the itinerant minstrel of this degenerate age) invent a tale of hardness of heart and tightness of fist which appealed to him as worthy of becoming classic, he builds it about the personality of Russell Sage as naturally as the Homeric bard attributed an act of transcending wisdom to Athena or a deed of valor to Ares; the tale is accepted as true from the Lakes to the Gulf. This unlovely reputation has come to Mr. Sage, so far as human discernment may go, with strict justice."

"Mr. Sage has all of the love for money in the concrete which might be predicated of his life and habits. However much he may share with other millionaires the liking for vast quantities of stocks and bonds, which water and legislation may corrupt or syndicates break through and steal, Mr. Sage plus his faith, and always has pinned it, to actual specie. He has under lock and key and within his reach more ready money than any other man in this country—probably more than any other man in the world. It is at the service of anyone who will pay for the use of it and who can satisfy Mr. Sage that it will be returned promptly and in full."

His transactions are for the most part made in secret. But now and then a typical one comes out in the courts. It is but a few years since one White, of Boston, a moneyless person, made a bid for \$1,500,000 worth of government bonds of the issue of 1876. The bonds were awarded to White, who, if he had only the money to pay for them, could have resold them immediately at a profit of \$45,000. A Boston bank entered into negotiations with White—slow and ponderous negotiations. Emissaries from Russell Sage appeared before the transactions were completed, offering to take the whole difficulty out of Mr. White's way for the paltry consideration of \$15,000. It is of such methods and such devices that the history of Mr. Sage's bloodless alliances with Jay Gould and other financiers and freebooters of the Wall Street history must be written if it is written. But the tune of his soul is always on one melancholy string—money, more money, my money!"

Of Mr. Sage's home we read:

"Mr. Sage's birthdays are always noticed by the newspapers. The best picture of the home life which has grown out of his years of scraping and holding is that which was presented to a reporter who was sent to see him on August 15, 1904, when he was 88. Mr. Sage was found playing dominoes with Mrs. Sage. The two of them were alone in the big house except for the servants. Between half-humorous, half-querulous complaints because Mrs. Sage would not let him go down to business as he liked, he told how he had spent the day—remaining in the house in the morning, much against his will, because it was raining; attending the directors' meeting of an uptown bank and collecting his five dollar gold piece as an attendance fee, and visiting his dentist. As against the hundreds of stories, true and false, of Mr. Sage's parsimony, how this celebration of a domestic festival stands out big and clear as the reward of an unremittingly industrious, church-going, ambitious life!"

Sailors' Strange Pets.

Uncle Sam is a tolerant old gentleman. He permits the sailors of his battleships and cruisers to keep pets. No ship in the navy is without its mascot. The other day a big cruiser came into the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the sailors proudly displayed a big moose which was presented to them away up in a Maine port. Imagine a moose for a mascot on board ship! Within the last three months ships have come into the navy yard with all sorts of curious animals for mascots. One had a jackass from Brazil, another a monkey from Algiers, still another a game cock from Liverpool, while a fourth had a stray dog rescued in port from the waters of the harbor at Southampton.

Dignity.

You may have broken women's hearts, you may have won renown By writing books or acting parts or putting tyrants down; You may have painted pictures which the critics think are great, You may have mingled with the rich or swayed in halls of state; You may possess a regal job, but have you ever tried To nibble green corn from the cob and still be dignified?

—S. E. Kiser in *Record-Herald*.

Her Brother—Sister stuck up for you last night all right. Pop said you were a fool. Her Sister—What did she say? Her Brother—Sister said that he shouldn't judge a man by his looks.



NOT AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

"Don't pick your teeth with your knife, my son—that's very rude. Ask the waiter to bring you a fork."

Dwarfs, Giants and the Average Man.

THERE is probably no race that can be termed a race either of pygmies or of giants; at least, we have no authentic record of the existence of any race who average more than five feet ten inches or less than four feet in stature. The very small and very large persons who from time to time appear in different parts of the world are simply anomalies—abnormal variations from the average or mean physical dimensions of the human species.

Any abnormality in one part of the human system is likely to be accompanied by abnormalities in other parts; and it would be easy to show, through the laws of physiology and natural heritance, how extremely improbable, if not impossible, it would be for a race of dwarfs or giants to gain a footing in the world.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf on record was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the little fellow whom Scott introduces in *Peveril of the Peak*. He was born in Rutlandshire, England, in 1670.

When eight years of age he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta in a cold pipe. He afterwards became attached to the court of Charles I. At one of the Court Masques, it is said that the King's porter, a man of gigantic size, who used to torment the little dwarf, pulled from one pocket a loaf of bread and from the other Jeffrey, much to the surprise and amusement of the company present. Although these anecdotes seem absurd, it must be remembered that Jeffrey was at this time only eighteen inches in height.

He remained at this stature until he was thirty years of age, after which a curious exception to the laws of growth took place; since Jeffrey rapidly grew to be three feet nine inches in height, whereas most men do not grow a quarter of an inch after the age of thirty.

This dwarf had an enormous head, and very large hands and feet; otherwise his proportions were symmetrical, and his face was considered handsome.

Another well-authenticated dwarf, and one of the most remarkable, was Joseph Boruwlaski. He was born in Poland in 1730, and died at the advanced age of ninety-eight. He, like Hudson, furnishes a paradoxical instance of growth late in life. At the age of thirty he was three feet three inches in height. Then he seemed to have stopped growing; until one day, at the age of seventy, he suddenly found that he was able to raise with his hand the latch of a door, which up to that time he had always raised with a stick. He does not state how much he increased in height, but the fact that he grew at all during these advanced years is very unusual.

The conditions which determine diminutive stature are many and various. An individual may be born much below the average normal size of 10 to 12 inches for male infants and 10 to 13 inches for females, and remain at the diminished size for an unusual time, as Jeffrey Hudson did, and then grow to be of normal stature. Or he may be born of normal size, and after growing rapidly for a while, suddenly cease to grow, and always remain below the normal. In many cases, this sudden arrest of growth has been brought about by causes which could have been prevented.

Then there is a class of dwarfs who are born of dwarf stature, and whose growth is so slow as hardly to be perceptible. This was probably the case with Boruwlaski, who found at seventy years of age that he was taller than at thirty. If he had been measured regularly from year to year, he would doubtless have found that he was making a small annual increase in growth.

Concerning the personal history of giants much less is known than of dwarfs. The latter have been the favorites of kings and queens since ancient times, and have always excited the interest and curiosity of the people. Giants must be regarded as anomalies, or freaks of nature, representing the opposite extreme from dwarfs in the variations from the normal or average standard.

Their abnormal stature is generally due to great length of legs. Giants usually have small heads in comparison with the measurements of other parts. This fact was well understood by the ancient sculptors, who were accustomed when they wished to make the body and limbs appear very large, as in the case of the familiar statue of Hercules.

Giants generally have a light, almost livid complexion, soft and flabby muscles, undeveloped lungs, and weak voices. They are generally of a lymphatic temperament, wanting in activity and energy, and consequently feeble both in mind and body. They are never long-lived; O'Brien, the Irish giant, who was eight feet four inches tall, died at twenty-two; and Cornelius McGrath, another celebrated giant, who grew eighteen inches in a single year and attained the height of seven feet eight inches, died at twenty.

The variations from the laws of growth are as peculiar in giants as in dwarfs. Some are born very large and attain their full growth at a very early period. They are prize babies, usually large children, and giants in youth; but

as they reach their limitations in size before others stop growing, the contrast is not so great after the age of twenty-five.

Others, who are born of average size, grow at a normal rate for a few years, and then begin to increase in size at an extraordinary rate, as in the case of McGrath. A few giants are born very large, and continue growing rapidly until the age of thirty or even later.

In regarding dwarfs and giants as anomalies, one necessarily has in mind a central figure as a standard. We may regard this figure as the average man.

If the teachers who take measurements of different individuals should make a careful study of their observations they would soon learn that the individuals tend to arrange themselves in certain groups, and that the size of these groups and the value of the measurements they represent conform to certain laws.

If a person of any age wishes to find his own standing in the community as to height, or any other measurement, he may do so by consulting certain tables and diagrams prepared by the scientists who have collated the measurements of a great number of people of all ages and sizes. These measurements show, for example, that a man of sixty-nine inches is the eightieth man in a hundred, or what we term an eighty-per-cent, man as to height. There are seventy-nine shorter and twenty taller than he in the usual hundred. The same observation



Charles S. Stratton, known as General Tom Thumb; 12 years old and 25 inches high; weighed 15 pounds.

might be made as to his standing for every part measured, and in this way we can determine whether or not he is symmetrical and well proportioned, or whether, on the other hand, he is strong or weak for his size and development.

If this man who finds that he is an eighty-per-cent, man as to his height should find that he is only a forty-per-cent, man as to his weight, or as to the size of his arms and chest, he would know that he is not as well developed as he should be for his stature, and it would be advisable for him to try and improve himself in these respects.

These tests, through the accumulation of a great many measurements, can now be applied to men, women, and children of different ages, by means of what are termed Anthropometric Charts, so that there is now no excuse for any one not knowing just how he or she stands as to size, strength, symmetry and development by comparison with the normal standard of the same age.

Now the reader may ask just what is meant by the normal standard? We mean that type of man or woman which nature seems trying to attain, and towards which the regular order of growth seems directed.

There are many variations from this standard, as we have seen, and up to a certain limit the range is a normal one, and is subject to the law of accidental causes. Beyond this range come the dwarfs and giants, who are anomalies or abnormal variations from the standard.

Now the interesting question is, what causes these variations? The difference in the physique of races is supposed to be due largely to their physical surroundings, food supply, and general habits of life.

Living for a great many generations in a cold and barren country, or on dry and arid plains, or within the confines of a thick forest, would naturally tend to retard physical growth and development. On the other hand, living for generations in a temperate climate, by the sea shore, in fertile valleys, or in mountainous regions containing large lime deposits, would tend to produce larger frames and a more vigorous people.

Individual variations are influenced chiefly by racial characteristics and secondarily by natural inheritance. A boy born of Chinese parents tends towards the average of that race, which is 5 feet 4 to 5 feet 6 inches; while one born of Scotch parents tends towards the average height of that people, 5 feet 8 to 5 feet 10 inches.

If both of the boy's parents were small, he would be likely to be below

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the average; if both were large, he would probably be above the average; while if one of the parents were large and the other small, the boy would be likely to grow to an intermediate height, or about the average of both.

There are many local or social conditions, however, that would tend to favor or retard natural growth. Living in a thickly populated city, in dark and poorly ventilated rooms, working in a standing position for many hours a day, being deprived of a proper amount of sleep, and not having enough good wholesome food, are some of the causes which tend to retard growth and limit development. A great many of the poor children who are living in our large cities are destined to be undersized on account of their unhealthy surroundings.

How much habits and conditions of living affect the physique, but few persons not conversant with the facts really know. A difference of five inches exists between the average statures of the best and the worst nurtured classes of children of corresponding ages. Let those persons who think that too much attention is being paid to the physical education of our boys and girls contemplate this fact, and try to realize its injurious effect upon the well-being of a community.

There can be no doubt that pleasant surroundings, pure air, good food, and plenty of sunshine, favor growth and development. Add to these natural advantages what may be gained by a general participation in all sports and games in their season, and a few hours a week devoted to systematic exercise, and we get at some of the underlying causes that make the best nurtured boys average five inches taller than the less fortunate class of lads we have mentioned.

There is another very interesting phase of the law of variation which is not so easily accounted for. A person may be a good deal above the average in height for his age, and considerably below the average in weight, or he may be just the reverse.

Some persons are taller proportionally when they sit down than when they stand up; this is due to the comparative shortness of their legs. In fact, every conceivable kind of variation may take place in form and size within the normal range; so that a person's head may be in one grade, his feet in another, his chest and arms in still another, and so on through all the different parts of the body.

When a person varies so widely from the normal he is said to be poorly balanced or unsymmetrical, and the degree is indicated by the range. How far this wide variation from the normal affects one's health and general ability is a question now under consideration. Life insurance companies will not insure a person whose weight is too small or too large for his stature, because they have found by long experience that such persons are not likely to be good risks.

As the difference in weight is largely due to difference in girth, one can readily see, if the chest is too small for the height, or the limbs too large for the trunk, that there is a want of harmony likely to invite disease, or affect one's physical power and efficiency. We now know that variations from the normal standard in size are also likely to be accompanied by marked changes in the manifestation of what may be called nervous force.

We saw, when considering the peculiarities of dwarfs and giants, that the former were often very active, restless, vivacious, quarrelsome, whereas the latter were generally indolent, stupid, and unexcitable. Some scientists reason that the differences exhibited by these two extremes really mark the difference in effect between growth and development. In the case of giants, and development implying improvement in structure, as seen in the case of dwarfs.

Growth and development, then, may be regarded as two distinct processes; and though they are often correlated in respect to nutrition, they are often antagonistic to each other. To follow this theory out in all its details would take us far beyond the limits of this paper. Let it suffice to say, therefore, that one may grow so fast as to use up a great amount of nervous energy, and impair his mental efficiency; or he may be so active and irritable, or study so long and hard, as to lessen his physical growth.

The best rule in such cases, as in many others, is to follow the golden mean. Do not use up all of your nervous force in one direction; if you do, you will not have it to use in other directions. Nature exacts a certain share of this force in building up our bodies and in keeping them in running order. If we draw this force off in idle amusement, dissipation, or use it up in unremitting toil without any recreation, or allow it to run riot in mere animal growth without making any attempts towards cultivation or improvement of structure, we must make the account good in some way.

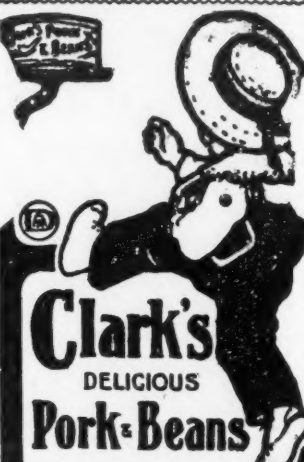
I know of no better way of keeping life's forces well balanced, than by bringing into occasional activity all the varied faculties of mind and body. It is largely through this activity that the different parts of the body get their nourishment. When one refuses to work, to study, or to play, he is literally robbing some part of his organism of the food it needs to keep it in healthy condition.

Strive, then, to be well poised, well balanced and symmetrically developed mentally and physically. Such are the kind of citizens the world is most in need of, for they are the conservative element that balances the two extremes under all conditions and circumstances.—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

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Anecdotal

Roy Bean, one of the noted characters of Texas, died a short time ago. When Bean was police magistrate and corner of a small town in Greene county, he was called to hold an inquest upon the body of a cowboy who had been found dead. Upon the corpse was found a pistol and \$40. Bean fined the corpse the forty for carrying concealed weapons, and put the money away in his own jeans. Not a bean did he give to the county.

It is a well-established fact that the average school-teacher experiences a great deal of difficulty when she attempts to enforce the clear pronunciation of the terminal "g" of each present participle. "Robert," said the teacher of one of the lower classes during the progress of a reading exercise, "please read the first sentence." A diminutive lad arose to his feet, and amid a series of labored gasps breathed forth the following: "See the horse runnin'." "Don't forget the 'g,' Robert," admonished the teacher. "Gee! See the horse runnin'."

Andrew Carnegie tells this as one of his experiences at Skibo. Soon after he had bought Skibo there was a circus exhibiting in the neighborhood of the castle, and one of the main attractions was an orang-outang. One night the orang-outang got out, fell over the cliff and was killed. In the morning two of the keepers, looking over the grounds, ran across the body of the dead orang-outang. One of them scratched his head and said: "He ain't no 'lander, that's sure." The other said: "He ain't no Lowlander, they ain't got so much hair on 'em." After a while one of them proposed to the other as follows: "I'll go up to the kirk and see the parson, and you go up to Mr. Carnegie and see if any of his American gentry is missing."

Not long ago a well-known actor now playing in England received from a New York friend an unpaid letter containing nothing but the following brief message: "I am well. With kind regards. Your friend, —" The recipient, annoyed at having to pay postal charges for such a piece of news, determined to retaliate in kind. Procuring a heavy stone, he packed it in a box and sent it to his New York friend, marking the box, "Collect on delivery." The friend, believing the contents to be valuable, gladly paid the heavy express charges due. On opening the box, he found, to his dismay, nothing but the stone and an attached ticket, on which was written: "On receiving the news that you were well, the accompanying load rolled off my heart."

An ignorant countryman who saw the sea for the first time was much impressed with the effect of the blue water, and asked a fisherman if he could tell him the owner, as he would like to buy a gallon to take home to his wife. The fisherman replied proudly: "Us, man—we own it." "Land's sakes!" exclaimed the rustic. "Could you sell me a gallon for fifty cents?" "Sure," said the fisherman, and he disappeared, returning in a few moments with a jar of water for which he received the countryman's fifty cents. The latter departed with his purchase. Returning later in the day, after the tide had gone out, he gazed in silent wonder at the water, which had receded far from the beach. "Lumme!" he exclaimed, "don't they do a trade!"

Congressman Landis desired to illustrate the absurd and perilous position of a boodler politician whose dishonesty had been exposed. "There, before the crash came," he said, "the man stood tottering and swaying, pale and scared, and though I pitied him, I had to laugh at him because his position was so ludicrous. He reminded me of the Indianapolis barber who got drunk one busy Saturday afternoon. This barber, heavy with eighteen large, cold glasses of beer, lurched into his shop at the end of the ball game, put on his white coat, seized a razor and began to shave a patron whom the apprentice had just lathered up. As the barber shaved away he held on to the patron's nose. 'Hang it,' the patron said, 'what are you about, anyway? Let go of my nose, will you?' 'Let go?' said the barber. 'Not a bit of it. If I did, I'd fall down.'"

Speaker Cannon, at a dinner he attended in Washington some time ago, talked about mean rich men. "The meanest rich man in Illinois," he said, "lives in Vermillion county. He is a bachelor and we'll call him Crust. One day the superintendent of the local cemetery told his salesman to call on Crust and see if he couldn't work off a cemetery lot on him. The salesman set out with a hopeless air, and in a half-hour he was back again. 'No go,' he said. 'Couldn't get him, eh?' said the superintendent. 'No,' said the salesman. 'He admitted that I reasoned well, and that the lots were fine ones, but he said that if he bought one he might not get the value of his money in the end.' 'Why,' said the superintendent, 'there's no fear of that. The man will die some day, won't he?' 'Yes,' said the salesman, 'but he says he might be lost at sea.'"

There is a judge in one of the United States civil courts whose decisions are notoriously bad, but who has enough "pull" to retain his official head. Among the members of the bar is a Mr. C., a man of some ability and a great drinker. While intoxicated one day he eluded his friends and entered the court-room where presided the judge referred to. "Yer Honer," said he, "wan' make moshun." "I can hear no motion from you to-day, sir," declared the judge. "Ver' 'portant' moshun, yer Honer. I—I wan' er 'juncshun." "I have said," declared the judge again, "that I can entertain no motion from you." "No? Why not? Ain't I member bar? Ain't I a lawyer? Why not? Tha's wha' wan' know." "You are drunk, sir," thundered the other. "You are drunk—vilely drunk, and I want you to understand that this court will entertain no motion from a man who is drunk." Mr. C. laughed boisterously. "Tha's a right, yer Honer, tha's a right. An' permit me to c'ngratulate you. Tha's the first c'ree' decishun yer've made this term."

Qualified.

TWO friends started out in life, each of them resolving to pursue his own ideal.

And one of them went out to see the world, and the other became a hermit.

After many years they met again.

And the hermit said: "There is only one thing that I am very curious about—women. Have you met any?"

"Have I met any?" exclaimed the other, smiling. "Why, women have been my specialty."

"Are they vain?"

"Very."

"Are they selfish?"

"Very."

"Are they inquisitive?"

"Dear me, yes!"

"Is it true they talk continuously?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are they extravagant?"

"Yes; enough to suit any taste."

"Have they any good points?"

"Well, I should say they had."

"What are they?"

"Well, they can be unselfish."

"Indeed?"

"And they can hold their tongues—when the object warrants it."

"You don't say."

"And they can save, if they love enough."

"How interesting!"

"And they are good nurses. In fact, they differ widely in their capabilities. They are constant and inconstant, fickle and true, small and large, charitable and uncharitable, good, bad and indifferent."

The hermit grasped his companion's hand eagerly.

"My friend," he said, "this is all very wonderful to me—your knowledge of woman is evidently extensive. And now, tell me how many of them you have lived with."

And the friend replied: "One."—Life.

Tobacco in Literature

Among the early references to tobacco in English literature the most frequent occur in Ben Jonson's play *The Alchemist*. Abel Druggier's appreciative reference to "good tobacco" is an instance and Garrick is said to have laid stress on it when playing the part. A sketch of this scene in the play appears on the tins of Garrick Smoking Tobacco, which Lambert & Butler are now introducing in Canada. "Garrick" is the finest pipe tobacco made. 75c. per quarter-pound tin, of all first-class tobaccoists.

Settlers, Low Rates West.

The Chicago and North-Western Railway will sell low one-way second-class settlers' tickets daily from September 15th to October 31st, 1905, to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California and British Columbia. Rate from Toronto to Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, B.C., Seattle, Wash., or Portland, Ore., \$42.25; to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., \$44.00. Correspondingly low rates from all points in Canada. Choice of routes. Best of service. For full particulars and folders write to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

Sister—What! You engaged to Miss Prettyun? Why, she has no family tree. Brother—Oh, I guess she has—and judging from her appearance it must be a peach.



THE LIMITATIONS OF THE CLOTH.
The Lord Bishop (whose caddy has a sneeze at the moment of putting)—You—you—you naughty caddy!—The Tatler.

Revival of an Art Lost for Twenty Centuries

Examples of an art lost more than twenty centuries and only re-discovered by accident have been exhibited recently by Harry Firth, of Kirkby Lonsdale, England. The work duplicates the famous black ware of the Etruscans.

Mr. Firth spent the first forty years of his life tending flowers for the squire of Kirkby Lonsdale. He was a common gardener, earning in the neighborhood of \$6 a week. In 1880 he became interested in wood carving, through the instrumentality of the Arts and Crafts Guild, an institution originally started by Watts, Ruskin, Morris and a number of other then youthfully enthusiastic artists, but now supported almost wholly by the various County Councils of England under the patronage of the Queen and almost all the royal family.

In 1880 the guild was introduced into Kirkby Lonsdale, and Mr. Firth, his little daughter, his wife and other members of his family joined the student ranks. He took up wood carving, the daughter worked in color, his wife embroidered leather, and all three have made a wonderful success.

Mr. Firth speedily found that his designs were difficult of execution, however, as he had no model with which to guide the movements of his chisel. Hence he was quick to avail himself of a suggestion that he model his work in clay, afterwards copying the design in wood. For a year or more he laboriously trudged seven weary miles with loads of plastic models to a neighboring brick kiln, where they were baked hard. By degrees his interest in wood, overshadowed his interest in clay, and instead of moulding mere designs for his chisel to copy he tried his prentice hand at original work in pottery.

The same success which had met his wood carving followed him in this, and the same energy which had carried his models seven miles after a hard day's work in the garden carried his pots and his vases over the same tedious road to the brick kiln.

A few months, however, and he saw that he had either reached his limit as a creative potter or he must devise new means for firing his clay. This he did by building for himself a small oven in a little deserted shed whose owner allowed him its use free of charge. It was in this shed and in a little testing box at the apex of his home-made oven that Harry Firth, the gardener, finally wrested a secret of the ages and made once more the famous black Etruscan ware, sung by Juvenal, Persius and Horace and sought unsuccessfully by the leading potters all through the Christian era.

To the unsophisticated gardener, playing at pottery, the discovery meant nothing more than the loss of so much clay and so much labor. The rare specimens of newly found art he placed tearfully away in a corner where rubbish piled up and dust covered them. There they stood for weeks till an inquisitive clergyman with an eye for the artistic and an interest in the potter began rooting about in the shed and unearthed them. He was enthusiastic, and quickly set Firth's heart beating wildly with his tales of dead arts and his praise of the discarded treasures.

Then came the real labor, for though made once, it was not easy to reproduce an accident, and it took nine months of daily work before Firth again managed to duplicate the work of Numa's corporation of potters who wrought 700 years before Christ was born in Bethlehem. He has never patented his invention, and he told a reporter to-day that he has no intention of doing so.

It is only two years since he first re-discovered his accidental discovery, and although he has made no attempt to push the sale of his wares or advertise himself in any way, he has won a fame select but secure, for among his patrons, nay, almost friends, are the Emperor William, the Princess Christian, the Earl of Lonsdale and many others, while King Edward and other crowned heads

have purchased specimens of his art for themselves and friends.

For the last five years Mr. Firth has ceased gardening and made his living entirely by his art, but it is not much of a living, for he has all the artist's objection to making money by his work. He charges, it is true, a small sum for vases turned out by his rustic pottery, but he charges barely enough to cover the cost of his labor, and lives laborious days, where a less squeamish man might have luxury and the plaudits of thousands.

Latterly, he says, he has devoted most of his attention to work in color, being particularly anxious to succeed where Wedgwood failed, and find again the secret of the rich Etruscan blue. To this end he has read and travelled, experimented and thought, but so far has got no nearer than have many others to the goal all potters desire. However, he has obtained several new art shades, especially greens, which he employs with good effect in his present work.

It is not only in color, however, that Mr. Firth reproduces ancient work, for he strives as nearly as may be to copy also the designs and ornamentation of his pre-historic models. Thus many of his specimens of the Kirkby Lonsdale pottery represent faithfully the celebrated rhyton, or drinking-cup, which could not be set down, and its later modification, which, while it will rest upon the table, has to be practically emptied first. So accurately indeed does he copy these, the known productions of the potters of Numa, that such experts as John Flinders Petrie and J. E. Milne have been deceived by Kirkby Lonsdale pots believing them to be genuine products of Etruscan potteries. Mr. Firth says, indeed, that it was not until they came to his pottery and saw him at work that they believed that he really was duplicating the old work in which they are so deeply interested.

Those who have been privileged to examine the few specimens of his work Mr. Firth brought with him to America have been astonished at the fidelity with which he reproduces every detail of his ancient models. His home-made tools, crude as they are, only add to the illusion, for the slight unevenness of the designs would be impossible to copy by machine tools and the uneven thickness of color would be "passed" in but few modern factories with their machine-made inspection. Yet it is these very imperfections which give Mr. Firth's work its very real artistic value, for each vase is a creation by itself, even as were those of the potters of Numa.

Courtship and the Camera.

He was pleased—or, as he expressed it, rapturously delighted—with the beautiful features portrayed on a photograph the lady had just given him. "Some day," said he, "I shall, with your permission, plead for the lovely original."

"Oh, Ernest," the maid replied, "I really could not find it in my heart to give you the negative." "Are you positive?" he asked. Then, the love on both sides having been found to be fully developed, the date was fixed, and the couple are now toned down in a London flat.

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How Japan Feeds Her Heroes.

Upon just what food the Japanese soldiers do their marvelous fighting and the exact method of its preparation and preservation can be learned from a letter which appears in *London Truth*. The regular ration, it says, consists of rice and dried fish. The rice is boiled until quite thick and glutinous. Next it is placed on a ceramic slab, rolled out, and cut into squares. The squares are then placed in the sun to dry and often turned. When hard as sea biscuit and greatly reduced in weight they can be stored. A certain number are allowed each day to the soldier. All he has to do is to break up a square in boiling water and to add the dried fish. In a few minutes he has what seems to him a delicious thick soup. If he cannot procure boiling water he simply eats his rice cake dry. In the fruit season he substitutes fruit, when he can obtain it, for the fish. According to the same authority, the Japanese soldier has muscles like a whipcord, is a sure shot, and has an eye for landmarks and a memory for locality. He can do with three hours of sleep in a day, he is naturally clean, obeys sanitary instructions with willingness and intelligence, is ardently patriotic, holds his life cheap, and runs up hill like a goat. He costs the Japanese Government to cents a day and thinks himself well treated and well off.

From all this one can learn something about the Japanese soldier, but the suggestion that it gives valuable hints as to the best way to feed white soldiers is nonsense. To thrive on a diet like that is possible only for those whose ancestors have lived in much the same way for countless generations. The American, so fed, would simply starve to death, partly because of the insufficiency of the ration to meet his needs, which are not the less real because they are the results of the long enjoyment of a more generous fare, and partly because distaste for an unmitigated diet of rice and dried fish would prevent him from getting out of those substances such nutriment as even for him they would contain. And yet, in commenting on the description, *American Medicine* says with entire truth that "in bucking down to discipline and philosophically accepting the hardships of war in the way of rations and sanitary requirements, the armies of the world can learn from the Japanese. Their military and medical records in this war are proof of such statement. Thousands of cases of typhoid fever among our volunteers in 1898 could have been prevented by a discerning acceptance of the stern realities of campaigning."

Mike's Preference.

Car "Merrymaking" was just swooning gracefully around a curve on the occasion of the recent reunion of Glover's Band, of Auburn, when Howard Eaton began again:

"When I am off on a time like this I always think of my friend, Tim Murphy, the actor. You know him, don't you? You know Tim is a great fellow for good yarns, and his favorite custom is to come out in front of the curtain (after about six curtain calls) and tell some of them. Here's one that I heard him tell to a packed house one night, when I was sitting down in the row that has no hair on top of its head."

"A couple of Irish friends of mine," said he, "were doing New York. Pretty soon they came to Tiffany's window."

"Mike," said Pat, "how would you like to have your pick out of all those gewgaws, heorty?"

"Oh, faith," said Mike, "I would a durned sight rather have me shovel!"

Filial Anxiety.

The little granddaughter of a Presbyterian clergyman one night at bedtime became hysterical with fright over what she considered her lost spiritual condition.

Failing to comfort her, the mother called the grandfather, who gently opened to her the way of salvation. Apparently satisfied, she soon fell asleep. Presently a terrified scream rang through the house.

"My child!" cried the gentle clergyman, hastening to her, "haven't I made it clear to you?"

"Oh, yes," she sobbed. "I'm all right, but I know there's no possible hope for mother!"

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\$2.55, good going Sept. 12th and 14th. All tickets valid returning until Sept. 18th, 1905.

CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION OTTAWA.

Single fare going Sept. 8th to 16th. \$5.50, going Sept. 12, 14 and 15th. All tickets valid returning until Sept. 18th.
For tickets and full information call on agents, J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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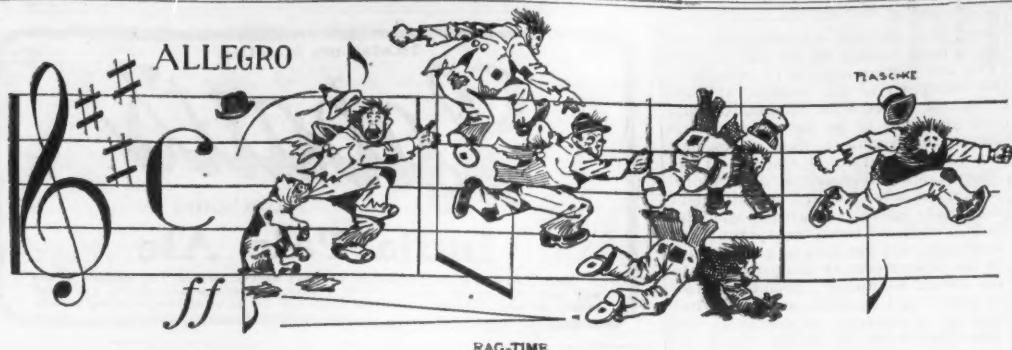
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RAG-TIME.

MUSIC

THE Irish Guards' band have won the favorable verdict of all the audiences they have so far played to in Canada. In order, however, to give the Toronto public an opportunity of hearing them at closer quarters than has been possible on the grounds of the Exhibition, their manager, Mr. Isaac Suckling, has arranged for a concert by them at Massey Hall to-night (Saturday). Both the sonority and the finer musical nuances of their playing will be more advantageously in evidence in the auditorium of the hall.

One of the early attractions of the Massey Hall course of entertainments will be a concert by Charlotte Maconda, the popular soprano, who has already won several triumphs in this city. Her voice is said to be at its best and to be more delightful than ever in clarity and purity of tone.

The music of the big spectacle *Humpty Dumpty*, the week's attraction at the Princess Theater, is unobscuringly reminiscent. The incidental music and the songs are credited to Fred Solomon and Messrs. Cole and Johnson, who, no doubt, wrote the music in a hurry to fill a contract and had no time to waste on originality. With a large portion of the public the tunes will be more successful than if they did not suggest something heard before—they will be understood and appreciated on first hearing.

It is a great pity that Wagner found it necessary to take for the theme of his opera *Parsifal* a case of incestuous union. No doubt the story is allegorical, but the libretto nevertheless has heavily weighted the music and stood in the way of the general popularity of the opera. In this city it is pretty certain that in certain circles the story will create a prejudice against the production of the opera by the Savage Company promised for this season. I fancy, however, that the objection will not count for much among the really enthusiastic lovers of Wagnerian music. There will be intense curiosity to hear a work of which so much has been written.

London *Truth* thinks one might find material for a startling article on the "Meanness of the Well-to-Do" in their treatment of artists. A violinist of repute got the following note the other day from a well-known leader in London society: "I very much regret not being able to offer you and your accompanist the fee you name. Therefore, pray do not come this afternoon, unless you would consider it an advantage to play on your own account before H.R.H. and my friends and the Maharaja Gajewar of Baroda for no fee. No doubt you are aware that introductions are always a benefit to professionals for their concerts or in the future." Sometimes, by way of comparison, an "expenses" fee of a guinea or so will be paid, but this arrangement is not generally favored by the hostesses. They much prefer to pay nothing at all; and the more money they have, the less inclined they usually seem to part with it in cases of this sort. Does it pay artists to give their services free on such social occasions? *Truth* says sometimes it really may help them, though more frequently it does not, "and in any case the practice works out so disastrously for the profession at large that it were far better for one and all to forego such problematical benefits as the system may occasionally yield."

Mr. Frank Welsman, who has passed a pleasant vacation at Lake Joseph, Muskoka, is back in town again, and has resumed his teaching at his studio at Nordheimer's and at his residence, Madison avenue. It is understood that Mr. Welsman has in preparation a fine repertoire of concert numbers, selections from which he will play at recitals during the season.

Kubelik, the great violinist, who, it is announced, will be heard again in Toronto during the season, will be eagerly awaited by students and lovers of the violin. Speaking of his recent reception in Paris, the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* said: "M. Jan Kubelik took the audience by storm yesterday at his first violin recital at the Chatelet. Never since the days of Paganini has such excitement been known in Paris, the immense audience forcing the violinist to play four extra pieces before allowing him to leave the hall, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to get out of the building by a side entrance. An immense crowd awaited him there with vociferous cheers and pressed towards him to such an extent that he was scarcely able to reach the carriage."

Dr. Ham is back from his trip to England, where he had a most enjoyable experience among the notable London musicians. He announces that the National Chorus have engaged the New

York Symphony Orchestra of seventy members to assist them at their annual concert early in the new year. So far the following works have been selected for production: Sir Frederic Bridge's cantata *The Flag of England* for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra; Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Song of Peace* for chorus and orchestra, and several attractive *capella* numbers. The orchestral numbers have not yet been decided. The chorus will be called for rehearsals in a few days.

Mr. W. H. Dingle, organist of Parkdale Presbyterian church, has joined the staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, and will teach in the organ, vocal and piano departments. Mr. Dingle's success as an instructor is shown by the honors won by his piano and vocal pupils in the advanced examinations at Toronto University and other institutions. Several of his organ pupils, moreover, hold good positions in various parts of Canada. He was for six years musical director of Albert College, Belleville, and for some years was associated with Alma College, St. Thomas.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has returned from Muskoka, where he has spent his vacation, and has resumed tuition at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. W. Y. Archibald, the well-known teacher of singing, has resumed his classes at his studio in Nordheimer's.

Mr. R. G. Kirby, choirmaster of Trinity Methodist church, will return to his duties next Sunday, after a three months' vacation. His substitute, Mr. W. G. Armstrong, has displayed exceptional ability both as director and soloist. Mr. Armstrong may be congratulated on his success, as this is his first choir work since his return from New York City.

While enjoying a well-earned vacation at his camp on the St. Lawrence River near Kingston during July and August, Mr. Sherlock has been singing in the different churches of that old historic city, and, as usual, with much success. The *Wing* of the 29th ultim gives him the following complimentary notice: "Mr. Sherlock sang again at the morning service in St. George's Cathedral. His singing was a very great pleasure, being sweet and full, with a vibrant tone that lends itself to deeply expressive rendering of both words and music. His enunciation is singularly clear, and the effortless lift and fall of his voice speak much for the method of voice culture he has pursued."

Mr. Rechab Tandy has returned to the city and resumed his vocal teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy has returned to Toronto and resumed teaching at the Metropolitan School of Music. The demands upon his time are numerous and exacting. Those desiring his services should make immediate application.

Mrs. Mildred Walker will resume teaching at her studio, Bell Piano Warehouses, on and after Monday, September 11th.

The Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, began its twelfth season on September 1st and an official report is to the effect that everything points to an exceptionally large attendance of pupils and also to a particularly interesting year. A recently issued calendar (prospectus), an attractive and lucidly prepared booklet, for gratuitous distribution, gives specifications as to studies and fees. In addition it sketches clearly the educational and professional experiences of members of the faculty and supplies much other general information of interest to those contemplating study.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson has returned from a month's holiday in the Lake of Bays district, and is resuming his teaching this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blight are spending a few days in New York City. Mr. Blight will resume teaching on the 11th of September at his studio, Nordheimer's.

Mr. P. J. McAvay has returned from New York, where he has secured positions for two more of his pupils, Miss Lilian Dillon and Mr. Fred O'Connell, the latter being especially successful, having been chosen for the leading tenor in the double quartette and understudy to the principal in *The School Girl*. Mr. McAvay's season opened September 5th.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will open the musical season at Massey Hall, will be composed of its full touring strength of seventy-five or eighty players under the direction of Mr. William Gericke, the conductor. It is the custom of the orchestra to mail in advance to all intending subscribers a programme with analytical notes of the numbers they will play, so that every auditor will be prepared with a full comprehension of the musical treat in store for them. The analytical notes are of more importance in these days, when such apostles of programme music as Tchaikowski and Richard Strauss are playing an important role

in composition. In fact, an article in the *Monthly Review* of last month points to the belief that the music which the audiences of the future will insist upon will be programme or descriptive. However this may be, when this great orchestra of America is heard in Toronto at Massey Hall on Tuesday, October 3rd, the audience will undoubtedly be greatly assisted by knowing in advance exactly the character and aims of the compositions which will be presented. The subscribers' list will open at Massey Hall shortly.

Mr. Frank Blachford will resume teaching in Toronto about September 11th.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth will return from Europe about the 9th or 10th of October, and will at once resume his piano teaching at his studio at Nordheimer's. He has arranged to bring out his pupil, Miss Helmer, in recital at Berlin on September 28th. She will play the Liszt B minor and the Chopin B flat minor sonatas.

A suggestion of the utmost importance to concert-givers is made in the London *Referee* by a writer who thinks he has discovered the secret of the stereotyped character of piano recitals which largely accounts for the small audiences at such recitals.

"Because the giant pianists play from memory," he says, "therefore the lesser lights must do likewise, though often with disastrous results alike to the composer and to the executant. Nor do the giants themselves escape the evils attendant on this custom. The strain on the memory is so great that slips are by no means uncommon," and "to the sensitive musician such moments are most disturbing. . . . If pianists had the courage to play with music in front of them we should hear far more novelties, and young composers would receive much more encouragement."

There is a good deal of truth in these remarks. The writer might have strengthened his case by referring to the fact that while Liszt, the originator of the habit of playing a whole programme from memory, found it an advantage because his memory was well-nigh infallible, the greatest of his successors, Rubinstein, suffered tortures, by his own confession, in the later years of his life, from the constant fear of being left in the lurch by his memory; and that this was one of the main reasons why he refused to make a second tour in America. Nor can it be doubted that Paderewski would come out of his long American tours in better health than he usually does if he did not have to rely so heavily on his memory. To be sure, there is a tremendous advantage in playing from memory—an advantage similar to that which an orator has over a reader. But, as the writer in the *Referee* remarks: "Probably few gifted pianists would glance at the music page, . . . but the knowledge that the music was before them would give confidence not only to the player, but to the listener." Opera singers have a prompter and a conductor to aid them in a moment of uncertainty; why should pianists be left helpless? It is their own fault if they persist in this foolish custom.

Two members are required to complete a first-class banjo quintette now being organized. Those interested should write Box A, SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sarah Bernhardt and the Legion of Honor.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's name has been proposed by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts for the Cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor. The Grand Chancery of the order, with which the final decision rests, is now considering the list of nominations. Every one hopes that the decoration will be conferred on the famous actress this time. It is an open secret that she has been more than once before proposed for the Legion of Honor. But the Minister's nomination in her favor has been each time rejected by the Grand Chancery, which, strange as it may seem in this land of dramatic art, entertains Old World prejudices against the stage. Hitherto, not one French actor or actress has been decorated as an actor or actress, but in every case as a professor at the Conservatoire, or else for charitable work.

"Are you ready, Joe?" "Yes, Nellie." And with a grim smile the young man grasped the handle of the revolver and made his first public appearance as the head of a family.

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A Special Three Weeks' Course in Piano Technique and Methods of Teaching, according to the Clavier System, will be conducted at the

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by Mr. A. K. Virgil, of New York, beginning Monday, Sept. 11th.

Students in this course will receive a lesson every day except on Saturdays. Only a limited number can be received, therefore early application is necessary in order to secure a place in this class. Further particulars may be had by applying to the Registrar, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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The Romance of the Reindeer.

By Mary Gay Humphreys.

A MISTRESS went to Castle Garden, when that was a port of entry, for a maid. She found a demure little Swede.

"Can you cook?" the mistress asked. "No, mem." "Can you sweep and make beds?" "No, mem." "What, then, can you do?" she asked, in desperation. "I can milk reindeer, mem."

In that day, to come to this country to milk reindeer was like going to Tahiti to cut ice. Now you can cut ice in Tahiti, and there are thousands of reindeer in this country waiting to be milked, and prepared to furnish butter and cheese and perform duties which they alone can perform.

The civilization of Alaska by reindeer is one of the prettiest tales ever told of imagination justified by experience; one of the most convincing stories of the glance of the prophetic eye fully and speedily realized. It is also the story of discouragement, ridicule, persistence against overwhelming odds, and, what is more difficult, of the combat with skepticism, against which only the most unflinching faith, undaunted hope and unconquerable energy can make way.

Until gold was found in Alaska, it was the neglected stepchild of the country. Except to the missionary and the seal-hunters of the coast, the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle had not even a place in the census.

The missionary is a curious person. He sees things through the eye of faith, as others see through knowledge. To this trait is due, as so many other vital but unrecognized acts are due, that machinery of the new civilization in Alaska now so successfully under way. Of this the reindeer is the motive power. It was the missionary that supplied it.

In 1890 Dr. Sheldon Jackson, making his inspecting tour among the Alaskan missions, became aware of an impending dangerous situation. The greed of the white men was devastating both land and sea. The whalers had driven the walrus to other seas. The walrus was nearly exterminated by steam and rapid firing guns. The hunted seals no longer played about the coast-line. To find them the native had to go far out to sea. This meant that the inhabitants of northern Alaska were being deprived of their food, their clothing, light, imple-

ments, and their industries. Famine was depopulating them, and it was inevitable that the Government would soon have thousands of helpless persons dependent on its bounty for food.

Across the thirty miles of water we know as Behring's Straits was Siberia, with a people comfortably prosperous and living under almost the same natural conditions. The contrast was too striking not to excite attention and inquiry. To Dr. Jackson the answer seemed to lie in the possession by the Siberians of the domestic reindeer. To the Siberian the reindeer was food, clothing, beast of burden, and article of commerce. The reindeer is prolific. It costs nothing for its keep. Under the vast snow-fields of the frozen North lies the reindeer moss on which it feeds. Why, then, should the reindeer not be to the Alaskan what it is to his neighbor across Behring's Straits?

The proposition was so convincing that Dr. Jackson hastened to Washington to lay it before Congress and ask for a small appropriation to buy a few Siberian reindeer for the present emergency, and in the belief that they would secure Alaska against future catastrophes.

To Congress this was only one of those rainbow schemes for which it is so often called upon to provide. Senator Teller, indeed, urged the appropriation, but his voice was lost in this handsome opportunity for oratorical satire and Senatorial puns. Dr. Jackson did not get his appropriation; but a sufficient number of outside people were interested in the project to subscribe \$2,000 as a venture, and the Government did allow the revenue cutter *Thetis* to take Dr. Jackson to Siberia to make his purchases.

But the Siberians did not want to sell. The *Thetis* sailed fifteen hundred miles before an owner could be found willing to part with his deer. Money he refused. What were bits of metal to him! At last he consented to barter for American goods. Thus sixteen deer only were secured. This was in 1891, a beginning so insignificant that it attracted no attention. Meanwhile Senator Teller continued to press the matter on the Senate, and at last Senatorial courtesy prevailed.

"Teller has this at heart. He only asks \$5,000. It is a small sum. Let him have it."

So the Senators argued, and the first appropriation was made in 1894. In 1897 this was increased to \$12,000. In

1900 it was changed to \$25,000, and has since continued at this figure. In all, the Government has given \$183,000 for the propagation and purchase of reindeer for Alaska, with the following results. To-day there are eight thousand reindeer in Arctic and sub-Arctic Alaska. Of these the Government owns four thousand and the natives own four thousand. Any one of these is worth for the butcher alone \$50. This is to say that for food merely the Government and the native have each \$200,000 in reindeer out of the original investment of \$183,000. It would be interesting to know how many of the investments of the Government pay as well.

Satisfactory as the reindeer have been from a financial point of view, that is the least important result. The reindeer is so prolific that this modest beginning soon entailed a system of distribution, which has since been successfully followed. At first Siberian herders were brought over to care for the herd. To these Eskimos were apprenticed in order to learn the care of the deer, to train and break them to harness. They served five years, receiving food and clothes from the Government. They were also to have the loan of two female deer a year, and to regard these and their fawns as the nucleus of a future herd. After five years, if the apprentice was satisfactory, he was to receive a loan of enough deer to bring the number up to fifty. As a herder he was now obliged to support himself and family and could take apprentices himself. For twenty years the Government exercises supervision over these herders. If a herder



The Reindeer Queen of Alaska.

should drink, or not take proper care of his herd, he can be dispossessed and his herd loaned to another person. On his part he agrees not to sell any female deer to any purchaser except the Government.

Deer were also loaned to the mission stations, with the same provisions as to apprentices and sale, they agreeing to return to the Government, when called upon, the original number of deer loaned. One instance alone illustrates the value of these loans to the missions. In 1894 one hundred deer were loaned to the Congregational mission at Cape Prince of Wales. Since then the mission has repaid the loan, and now owns one thousand head of deer. Such ownership means to the mission a permanence it could not otherwise have, since the natives, not being required to go afar for food, escape the demoralization of the mining camps. It also affords an opportunity of encouraging and rewarding worthy native families and promoting their material interests. It affords, moreover, a source of revenue in selling male deer to the miners for food and for transportation. A sledge deer is valued at \$150, and is superseding dogs for this purpose. A couple of deer in harness will haul seven hundred and fifty pounds, and find their own food in the reindeer moss beneath the snow. As food the deer afford a constant supply of fresh meat, which means much to people condemned to live on canned goods the greater part of the year.

Of the sixty owners of herds, two-thirds are Eskimos who have secured their deer through apprenticeship and have been trusted to become owners. Two are women, and one of these, with the exception of the mission at Cape Prince of Wales, is the foremost of what will yet come to be the reindeer aristocracy of Alaska—a class corresponding to the great cattle ranchers of the Plains. Mary Antisarook, now Andre-wuk, owns three hundred and fifty-eight deer and fawns. A woman who can neither read nor write, she speaks seven languages, and has been of great service to the Government as interpreter. If to her natural abilities as a linguist, woman of affairs and executive ability, she had had the advantages of education, and been placed outside of the Arctic regions, she would have been "one of the women of our times." As it is, she is the "Reindeer Queen of Alaska."

This is what the reindeer has done in a few years for the material prosperity of the natives of Alaska. It is but the beginning of the future of the reindeer over a pasturage which will easily accommodate ten million head—a pasturage of perpetual snow, over which no other animal can graze. The reindeer is a timid animal. A sudden movement will put him to flight. Being timid, he is gregarious, and a herder can easily care for one thousand head. He is so gentle that, being domesticated, he will eat out of hand and follow like a dog. He is so speedy that Paul du Chailu tells of traveling one hundred and fifty miles a day in a reindeer sledge. A pair can haul seven hundred and fifty pounds and can make thirty-five miles a day through the unbroken snow, finding their own food, and this for weeks at a time. The colder it is the better they thrive.

It is the reindeer that has transformed the postal facilities of Alaska. There are now semi-monthly mails to the Yukon and Nome during the winter, where before there were none. The longest route is that to Point Barrow—the most northern post-office on the globe. Here are a whaling station and a mission that formerly received but one mail a year, and that sometimes failed. Now reindeer carry a winter mail over thirteen hundred miles without road or trail, the thermometer from twenty to sixty degrees below zero, to that far-away post on the Arctic Ocean.

There have been acts of beneficence accomplished through prolonged peril that deserve a place among the records of heroic deeds, which only the presence of the reindeer have made possible. In the autumn of 1897 eight whalers and two hundred and seventy-five men were caught in the ice near Point Barrow, with only three months' provision. It would be at least a year before the ice released them, and starvation awaited them. No vessel with food could get within two thousand miles of them, nor was there any method of transporting food overland. But there were herds of deer at Cape Nome. Responding to a call for volunteers, Lieutenants Jarvis and Berthold and Surgeon Call of the navy made their way by dog-sleds to Cape Nome, to the Congregational mission. Here they secured five hundred deer, and, aided by W. T. Lopp, the missionary in charge, and Eskimo herders, made their way over the unbeaten snow seven hundred and fifty miles in an Arctic winter, arriving at Point Barrow, after a journey of three months, just in time to save the starving men.

Of the reindeer, two hundred and forty-six were used for food, and the remainder kept to form the nucleus of a herd at Point Barrow to provide against future emergencies. Five years before this, rescue could not possibly have been effected, and in this case it was due entirely to the prophetic eye which saw what reindeer might be to the frozen North.

In 1900 the soldiers employed in building the Government telegraph on the Yukon were imprisoned by the winter storms. The rations were failing, and the mules had given out, when word reached a mission station. Dr. Gambrell and an assistant started immediately with deer, and the troops, with their camp equipage, were brought out in safety. Thereafter the deer were kept with them, meanwhile hauling telegraph poles until the work was done.

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The Tailor.

Japan and China in the Kitchen.

THE Oriental servant with all his failings, his many virtues, and what a cook of another race once described as his "quaint little ways," gives domestic life beyond the Rockies a picturesque and unique character that the woman servant of the Eastern coast fails to impart. The Chinese cook and the Japanese houseboy are found all up and down the Pacific slope, and they reign supreme in the kitchens of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California.

The first household problem wrestled with by the bride from Toronto who comes out to live on the coast is the Chinese cook, his pidgin English and his various personal and domestic peculiarities.

Like Miss Fanny of nursery fame, when a Chinaboy is "good he is very, very good, and when he is bad he is horrid." The competent Chinese domestic is a blessing, the bad one a worry unendurable, with methods of torture hitherto unknown and unsuspected by the unsophisticated housekeeper, though comfort lies in the fact that the good are fairly abundant and the very bad comparatively rare.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that they are all called "boys" indiscriminately, and Chinese or Japanese servant, whatever his age, be it fifteen or fifty, is always "the boy," just as in some parts of the country all female servants are "maids" or "girls," whether blushing sixteen or withered sixty, whether maid, wife or widow.

The capable Chinaboy takes charge of the house, cooks like a chef, cuts the wood, carries coal, and keeps everything clean enough and neat enough to satisfy the requirements even of the most exacting. Unbidden he takes down, washes and rehanges the lace curtains, and waits for no orders to wash the windows, and all the while makes tempting and delicious dishes from the remnants and scraps that too often the white woman throws away.

To his other attractions as a domestic add honesty, and the satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that he is never tempted to wear one's best chiffon stock, use one's favorite ribbons, purloin expensive perfume, or clandestinely borrow one's jewelry to be returned or not according to the degree of the borrower's probity—or lack of it.

With one good Chinaman the smallest household on the Pacific coast is enabled to give dainty dinners and little luncheons that are well cooked and prettily served, and with two Chinamen a comparatively large house may be well and properly managed and kept in beautiful order.

The Chinaman loves to cook and all his Oriental love of color and of decorative effects is allowed free play: No dish is too elaborate or too difficult for him to try, and as a consequence the family with only one Chinaman can give dinners of five or six courses in a style that would be almost impossible with one white servant.

On such occasions, occasions of pride and importance to the "boy," who seldom grudges labor spent in cooking, another of his Oriental peculiarities comes to light, and the astonished mistress who is undergoing her first experience with him finds her kitchen invaded by two or three strange Chinamen, who grin pleasantly and say, "Hello," with a familiarity that is intended only to be friendly, and not impudent. These, she is told, are "cousins," and she soon learns that at such times the "boy" calls upon his relatives for assistance. Apparently all Chinamen are as liberally blessed with "cousins" as a pretty housemaid, for cousinship runs on strange lines in China, and all bearing the same family name are related, as for example all the Wongs are cousins, and all the Wongs are cousins, which is a little as if with us all the Smiths of all the Jones were related.

These ties, however, are freely acknowledged among them and they respond willingly to the call. If the menu be long and elaborate the better pleased are they, and if they are given some cream to whip and a bottle of green and of red coloring they are quite happy.

The "cousins" all help, and perhaps one may make cream puffs, another contribute an entree or make jellies, etc. Should there be a lack of any particular kitchen utensil the hostess need not trouble herself about it, for the "boy" promptly borrows anything wanted, and the cream may have been moulded in a shape belonging to Mrs. X, with whom one has not even a calling acquaintance, or the cucumbers sliced with Mrs. Jones's cutter, while in due season the present hostess's omelette pan may serve a turn in Mrs. Brown's kitchen.

Sometimes the "boy" manages the cooking entirely himself, and then some cousin less talented in the culinary art may come in to help him wash the dishes. But whether his assistants be few or many, he alone waits at table; this right he reserves for himself, and only the servants belonging to the household ever appear in the dining-room, no mere stranger being ever permitted to usurp this honor.

All these matters are arranged by the Chinaman himself; the mistress has nothing to do with it, there are no fees, no "extras," for her to pay. The "cousins" expect nothing in the way of money, but they know that when their turn comes the Wong, Sam, Wing, Chew or Pang at present being aided will reciprocate in like manner.

For cooking the Chinese seem to have a positive talent, and young boys of only fifteen and sixteen are often really fine pastry cooks. For them cooking is an art in which to excel is to attain glory and great gain, and to learn and successfully make some new dish of a decorative and highly ornate sort is to realize what the artist feels who sees the completion of his latest masterpiece.

Though he often does it very well the Chinaman has not usually the same fondness for housework that he has for cooking, and his highest ambition is to become a chef with perhaps two or three assistants under him.

In families where two Chinamen are employed the second boy performs the duties of housemaid, parlor maid and assistant to the cook and he is generally under the latter's authority. Frequently indeed the cook engages him and is responsible for the performance of his duties and his competence generally.

The bad Chinese servant has ways and tricks of torture all his own and unthinkable in a white domestic. He burns all he cooks or makes it soggy and heavy, sends to table half-raw puddings, makes sour bread, and impossible cake in which he uses eight and nine eggs at forty cents a dozen, serves unpunctual and uneatable meals, breaks the best china and cut glass with the utmost nonchalance, and not infrequently carries off household supplies, and smokes opium until he is stupid.

But it is when he is told to do something that he dislikes that he shows the most characteristic and annoying of his peculiarities.

"No sabe," (I do not understand), he replies, while his face assumes as much expression as a wooden image. And the exasperated and baffled woman who calls herself his mistress finds herself reduced to a state of helplessness before that stolid yellow mask. Though he may have performed the very duty upon which she is now insisting only the day before, he coolly repeats to every demand, "No sabe."

The "no sabe" trick, however, is not confined to the incompetent, for one's best Chinaman sometimes develops this little failing and suddenly and unexpectedly begins to "no sabe" at the most inconvenient times and places.

Occasionally the "no sabe" trick is varied by an assumption of guilelessness, and the following is an instance of this kind, though it is not often carried to such lengths. A certain Los Angeles woman found fault with a pudding made by her particular Sing, who listened, as she suggested improvements, with disapproving grunts and muttered Chinese remarks of an apparently uncomplimentary nature. The pudding coming to table just as before, the next day she entered the kitchen unexpectedly, and told him she intended to show him how to make it properly. This was a double insult, first to his cooking, second to his comprehension, and he relapsed into very guttural Chinese which it was probably to her peace of mind she did not understand.

She went into the pantry for some ingredient, and her anger can better be imagined than described when upon trying to come out she found the door would not open! Vainly she stormed, rattled the handle, and ordered the door unlocked. This lasted for about ten minutes, when, shaking the handle again, the door flew open.

This was too much for human endurance and she demanded angrily of Sing how he dare lock the door.

"If no lock door," was the cool reply, "door not lock, you not tu'n handle light way. Yo' shake door he not come open, bimely yo' tu'n handle and he open, yo' not tu'n him light first time."

Further discussion seemed unprofitable, and returning once more to the subject of the pudding, but determined that nothing so strange should happen again to the door, she said:

"Sing, you go pantry get raisins, I show you how make him pudding."

"Pudding all made," replied the Oriental with imperturbable face.

Of course she dismissed him immediately? No indeed; she intended to, but morning brought fresh counsel and she remembered all his valuable qualities—and Sing still presides in that kitchen.

The good servant is a treasure to be highly esteemed and retained even at great cost, and there is a story told of a certain Victoria man whose bride could not agree with the Chinaman whom he had employed during his bachelor days, and whom he had meant to retain. In distress he consulted a married friend who is quoted as having replied:

"Keep the Chinaman, keep the Chinaman, my dear fellow. You can easily enough get another wife, but another first-class Chinaman may be a difficult matter, and when you have been married a year you'll think so too."

Many of these Chinamen like to buy for the house, and do it well and economically, and this explains the many successful bachelor establishments for which the Pacific coast is famous and which can only be paralleled in the Eastern States by the very wealthy.

Two or three young men can club together, hire a house already furnished, or furnish it themselves, engage a good Chinaman and live comfortably in their own home for a sum not greater than it would cost them to board at any good establishment.

The bad Chinese servant is rough, careless, insolent and malicious and orders the mistress out of the kitchen if she enters when it does not please him, his favorite phrase being:

"Yo' go way yo' bollow (bother) me."

The incompetent Chinaman not only cooks badly himself but takes a most malicious delight in seeing anything made by a member of the family spoiled, when he remarks loftily:

"Yo' no sabe how make him."

The man who has made uneatable dishes again and again, grins with delight when the cake made by his mistress, for reasons best known to himself, requires four hours to cook instead of twenty minutes, while half an hour after her cake, hard, sour and sodden, comes out of the oven he will bake one himself in thirty minutes and exhibit it with pride, remarking slyly:

"Yo' no sabe make cake, I sabe make him good."

Cooks often have a fancy for buying themselves all sorts of extra kitchen utensils such as egg beaters, cream whips, jelly moulds, and a French butcher's knife or a common clock. And they are very ingenious in making the various little conveniences they want; an old mustard can with the top punched full of holes makes a kitchen salt

sprinkler, the top of a salmon can serves as a pastry bag, etc.

One of the greatest disadvantages of the Chinese servant, good, bad or indifferent, is his inability to deliver a message, or even give the name of anyone who may have called, and until one becomes accustomed to his peculiar method of mangling the names of one's intimates it is impossible to recognize them at all. As for giving a message, woe betide the unfortunate Caucasian who undertakes to receive or to give one through the Chinaman.

Sometimes his attempts at English are funny, and the friends of a certain young matron had an amusing experience with her young and very recent importation from the Flowery Land. To the visitor's inquiry as to whether Mrs. T. was at home her almond-eyed servant replied solemnly:

"Yo' go way. Not come back 'gain."

This was not encouraging, but making another effort, the inquirer said very slowly and distinctly:

"Mrs. T., she at home?"

"Yo' go way. Not come home 'gain."

Surprised and baffled, it was a moment or two before it flashed across the mystified white woman that the Chinaman had mixed his pronouns and that he meant that "she" had gone out and not yet returned.

The letter R is almost impossible of pronunciation by the Chinese tongue, and is invariably turned into L. Grass he calls "glass," and in his mouth rice becomes "lice," or more frequently "licee," while right is "light." "Him" is the universal pronoun used for everyone and everything regardless of gender and sex, and only the two or three important words in the sentence are used. All this results in that strange mongrel language known as "pidgin English."

"Take glass wash him," says the mistress, or "Make him had al, samee like this," is a good example of ordinary household language.

"Topside" means up or high, "topside house" means upstairs, while "topside sky" means heaven. "Heap" is a superlative and is also of general application; things are "heap cold," "heap big," white men have "heap lot money," and weather is "heap wet," etc.

The Japanese houseboy is in many of his ways and in his character and aims very different from the Chinaman. While rarely so thoroughly efficient, he is often a pleasanter servant personally, and shows a regard for the whims and fancies of the master or mistress that the Chinaboy does not so often display. He remembers the easy chair that the master drew before the fire yesterday evening, places pipe and matches close at hand, knows which book the mistress is reading and lays it ready on her table.

But the Japanese domestic is touchy and easily offended. His dignity is a tender matter, and he must be handled with gloves in order to obtain the best and pleasantest results, but on the other hand he more closely approaches the white man, and the family form an attachment for him that is more rarely the case with the Chinaman.

Often, indeed generally, the Japanese house servant is a student, and after he has finished his housework in the afternoon or the evening he attends school. He is scrupulously polite, and is very particular about the social standing and the education, especially the latter, of the family in which he serves. From his own country he brings with him the maxim that no one is too great to be the attendant of a wise man from whom may be gathered crumbs of wisdom. The desire to be in the employment of a highly educated family

spring naturally from their great anxiety to learn. And one Japanese boy, when asked why he had left the service of a mistress of whom he always spoke most highly, reluctantly admitted when closely pressed that it was because he had noticed that she said "I done" and "you was," which his book told him was incorrect.

Sometimes the Japanese work in couples; that is, the husband does the cooking while the wife does the housework or acts as nurse, and this is often a very comfortable arrangement. In British Columbia especially there are a number of Japanese women employed as nurses and they are said to be very satisfactory. They are, however, nearly always of a lower order than the men of their nationality, and they do not display the same overpowering eagerness for education; indeed they are not of the student class.

One of the virtues of the Oriental servant is his desire to remain as long as possible with the same family, and among the Chinese it is no uncommon occurrence to find them living in one household for twelve, fifteen, twenty or even twenty-five years. This is more often the case with the Chinaman than with the Japanese, for the latter in his anxiety to acquire education moves from family to family as he proceeds from lower to higher schools in different parts of the city.

One of the distinctive differences between the Japanese and the Chinese is that the latter can be tempted to leave his present situation by an offer of higher wages, while the former finds more money not so great an inducement.

Another great difference between the two nationalities is that the highest ambition of the Japanese is not to become a chef, as is the ardent wish of the Chinaman, but his aim is to acquire book knowledge, to learn, to absorb all he can like some intelligent human sponge. New and elaborate dishes hold no extraordinary charm for him, but a little help with his lessons, a corrected pronunciation or a spelling lesson, calls forth his warmest gratitude.

When the Chinaman or Japanese houseboy wishes to leave his present situation he seldom commits to him the terrible solecism of saying plainly that he does not care to stay longer, or that he has received an offer of higher wages, but with polite circumlocution informs his employer that his uncle is going to China, or perhaps it is his cousin that is going away, and he must go to bid him good-bye; whatever the excuse the real meaning is that the servant offering it intends to leave, and that the master or mistress may look for another.

To the tourist and the new arrival clothing, long, black, glossy queue, yellow skin, sharp, slanting black eyes, and pidgin English, is a novel and characteristic feature of Pacific coast life. From him the Japanese houseboy is only a slight variation, for he, too, has the same black hair, and eyes melon-shaped and small, dark skin, and white clothing. But the Japanese wears his hair cut short like a white man's, his English is usually good, and his manners have a certain polite formality that is totally lacking in the Chinaman.

Here, indeed, in singular fashion the East, ancient, inscrutable and picturesque, joins hands with the young, vigorous, rushing West, and as one looks out of the window and sees the Chinese cook mount his bicycle to go to market, the mingling of the Orient and the Occident seems comically illustrated.—Helen Gregory MacGill.

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"10,000 trees planted in 1893, on the Hacienda dona Felipe Ortiz, yielded three pounds per tree."—The Trader. This is 300 trees to the acre, and \$1 per pound would be \$300 per acre.

"Developed Mexican Plantations are worth \$1,000 per acre in gold."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

\$100,000 was recently offered and refused for Las Chirraras, an isthmus plantation, with but 200 acres developed.

"Stock in El Faro, the largest plantation of President Diaz, in Oaxaca, at a par value of \$300, has sold for \$3,000 per share."

"The culture of the rubber tree is the most attractive field for investment, as no reasonable contingency can arise to limit the demand."—London Financial News.

The Consolidated Rubber Tire Company, New York, say that in three years the consumption of rubber will be doubled.

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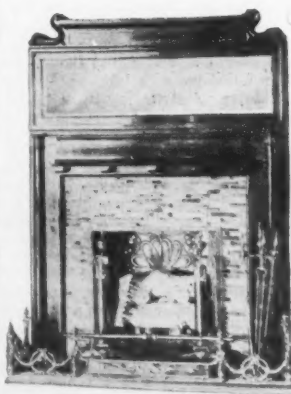
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The Wand of Golden Rod.

"It is such a stupid world," murmured Pansy Winton; "my flowers are all going away, and there's only the sumac in the woods and the golden-rod in the fields."

"It's pretty stuff, though," said her cousin May; "it looks like yellow feathers. I'd love to have some of it on a hat." Golden Rod rustled, and Pansy thought that she heard a sneeze. "You're silly about flowers, anyway," said May reprovingly; "there's no fun in sitting on a bank looking at them. What I like is to get all soaking wet, looking for ferns, and to hear the water go squigly in my boots."

"It's nicer not to have boots on, and just to feel the soft black mud between your toes."

"Ugh! I'm always afraid of toads or little snakes. But I've got to write a composition on wild flowers, and I've not a word done yet. It's so silly to write about things for a teacher that must know all about them herself. We've got to do two hundred words."

"That's awful," said Pansy, "but they don't give you a composition to find out anything except whether you know how to spell and where a capital should go. Golden-rod looks as if it might have been a pen once with a lot of fuzzy stuff on the end. Don't you wish you could find out about the birds and flowers? Now, there's a swallow. I know that he's thinking of going away in about a month. If he would only tell us about the things he has seen!"

"I don't believe that birds ever notice a thing," said May, in disdain; "their eyes are so little that they can just see to fly. It seems such a waste of time for them to travel. Now, if you and I were to go south we might come back and write long compositions on what we had done. But I must go and look for my books. I left them down near the creek. I believe I'll sit down by the old elm on the other side and try writing some of my exercise. Now, don't come and talk to me."

"May is getting to be a stuck-up thing," said Pansy to the grass and Golden Rod. "She thinks she's smart, just because she's a little older than I am, and can write compositions. The idea of wanting golden-rod for a hat!"

"It is absurd," came a voice from the nearest tall spray, "but, you know, she is not really acquainted with us. She

is very proud of just beginning to study history, but we smiled when we heard her telling you yesterday about the ancient Britons staining themselves blue, with some kind of plant. But she doesn't know anything about our history, does she, Bracken?" Bracken gave a hoarse grunt, and Golden Rod went on. "It is strange that little girls, and even big ones, seem to think that it's the proper thing to wear imitations of us on the head."

"It shows how much they think of you," said Pansy.

"But, my dear, we don't want to be in the fashion. Every one used to call us weeds and horrid yellow things, but lately people have been calling us picturesque—whatever that may mean! A dreadful thing happened the other day. Some of us were dragged away to a house, and were placed in the center of a large table, with ribbon tied round us. Wasn't it cruel?"

"Yes," said Pansy, trying not to laugh. "It was next door to us. Mrs. Gordon gave a tea and my mother went to it. One of the ladies said that the golden-rod looked cute."

"Cute!" shrieked a little spike, shaking her head furiously.

"The ribbon was wide, white satin, you know."

"It was an insult. But one of the carnations told me that they are accustomed to it. They have had some queer, flimsy white stuff wrapped round them, and have been tied up with lace. Why can't people leave us alone?"

"They don't worry us any more," chuckled Milk Weed. "They tore us away from home, and tied us up in little bags with holes all over them, and hung us by ribbons to a big thing with lights in it. And then they would call us lovely and say how silky we were. But we would get out of the holes in the bag, and cling to their collars and their skirts, until they were tired of having us in the room. So they threw us away, and we stay in our nice, green tent now, and don't go out, except to have a little ride on the wind."

"I remember the time," said Golden Rod slowly, "when I wasn't a yellow, feathery spike for the bees to play with."

"I wish you would tell us about it," said Milk Weed eagerly.

"Yes, and have you wandering all over the field, whispering it, in your soft, silky tones, to every blade of grass you meet."

"I wouldn't," answered Milk Weed, with earnestness. But just then a

breeze that had been rustling near the bank for a moment came rushing playfully along and scattered the dainty, silk flakes all over Pansy's serge skirt.

"I'll never get them off," she said in desperation. "But do tell me about the time when you were not a flower. Never mind Milk Weed. She's a gentle little thing that won't do any harm."

"Well, if you must know about it," said Golden Rod, throwing a friendly glance at Bracken, "it was long ago—"

"It always is."

"Do you mean to doubt me?" "Oh, no! I am very sorry. Only, it always seems as if the good times were so very much gone by. That doesn't sound right, but you know what I mean."

"Of course I do," said Golden Rod; "hasn't your mother often told you that she had much more fun when she was a little girl than you or your cousin May will ever know?"

"But grandmother is sure that she had a far happier time than mother. She says that their pleasures were more simple. But please tell me your story."

"Well, I suppose you are too young to have read about the 'yellow-skirted fays.' But I have been told that a great English poet speaks of them."

"I suppose I shall have to learn it some day," said Pansy with a sigh; "there seems to be a dreadful lot of poetry in the world. Do you suppose they wrote it just to be mean? If I were a great man I should be ashamed of wasting my time on such things. But what did the fays do?"

"They lived in a much prettier country than this, and were never disturbed, for the people respected them and would leave presents on the racks and in the trees, for they knew that the fays could do a great deal of mischief when they were angry."

"Did they have a queen?" "I was just going to tell you about her. She was called Amber, and I suppose she was very powerful, for even the moon-fays had heard of her. But it seems as if even fays can't be happy always, and after a while there was trouble on account of Bluelegs."

"Who was Bluelegs?" "If you ask me any more questions I shan't tell you the story. There was a silence for about half a minute, and then Golden Rod went on. "Bluelegs hardly belonged to them, and yet the yellow fays were very good to him. He was found on a rock near the river one night and, except for his queer legs, he might have been taken for a fay."

He wouldn't tell where he came from, but he knew, so many of their ways that they came to the conclusion that he had better be given a good office. So he was made one of Queen Amber's guards and he might have been very happy if he had only kept from playing his tricks. There was only one thing of which the fays were afraid. That was buttermilk—for they might be drowned in it. They could swim in water or milk and they greatly enjoyed tumbling into wine. But buttermilk was deadly to them, and the maids would wonder in the morning why the pitcher was full of thick yellow butter. It was a poor little melted fay, but of course they could not know that. But one August night, when three other fays were enjoying themselves with a jug of cider, Bluelegs tumbled headlong into a bowl of buttermilk. They began to cry, for he had been rather amusing, after all, when, to their surprise, he began splashing about and seemed to enjoy himself immensely. When he came out he was wearing little buttons of butter all over his coat, but he was very proud of them until they melted. The fays were sure, after that adventure, that he was no true yellow-skirted fay, but he was treated with all the more respect.

"Now, there was one little fay in Queen Amber's guards whom Bluelegs seemed to dislike very much. His name was Minot and he was a favorite with the Queen, and always went with her when she rode to the river. Bluelegs tipped him out of the chariot and he was almost killed. But the others were all afraid to tell the Queen how it happened, and when Minot recovered he had forgotten about having been flung from his high seat. But Bluelegs was evidently bent on having Minot out of the way, and when they went to the cellar, on the north side of the river, a terrible crime was committed. Bluelegs, as usual, promptly jumped into a bowl of buttermilk and began to splash about, mocking the other fays because they dared not follow him. Minot was standing near, and Bluelegs swiftly caught hold of his yellow coat and dragged him in, crying, 'I'll teach you to swim, you wretched Minot!' Before any one could interfere, Minot was under the creamy waves, touched here and there with buttery foam, and he soon began to melt away.

"Ugh! He's poisoning the buttermilk. I must get out," cried Bluelegs, and he scrambled over the edge of the bowl. None of the fays would speak to him, and the next day, when the Queen demanded the services of Minot, there was an awful silence. She ordered Dotsie to tell her about Minot, and when Dotsie refused and began to cry, Queen Amber herself beat him with nettles until he screamed out that Bluelegs had drowned Minot in the buttermilk. The Queen was furious and sent for Bluelegs, who only laughed and said that he was going back to his own country, where they had rivers of buttermilk to swim in. But the Queen ordered him to be bound with strips of ribbon-grass and had him thrown into a hollow stump. He was condemned by a council of fays to be crushed to death by cherry stones next night, and they busied themselves collecting cherry pits to throw at the cruel murderer. But Bluelegs was stronger than they dreamed. He broke the ribbon-grass bonds and tore them into shreds. Then he ran away—but worst of all they found, on the following night, that he had taken Queen Amber's best wand, which the Man in the Moon had given her. It was ornamented with beautiful golden plumes, and the Queen was in despair. "He must be chased," she said. "Send for one of Mercury's runners." So the runner came and said that he would do his best, but that Bluelegs was a very wicked fay, whom no one had been able to capture. They chased Bluelegs for weeks, and at last they found that he had flung the wand away, after he had persuaded his mother to bewitch it. So it was changed into a golden-rod and spread all over the land."

"And where is Bluelegs?" "I told you that it all happened long ago," said Golden Rod crossly—and not another word would he say. "Lazy lump," called Cousin May cheerfully, "I've written a whole page, while you've been doing nothing." But Pansy knew better than to tell the story of Bluelegs and the buttermilk.

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Births

BEDFORD-JONES—Brockville, August 31, Mrs. Alban C. M. Bedford-Jones, a daughter.
BEER—Toronto, September 3, Mrs. W. J. Beer, a daughter.
BROWN—Toronto, August 28, Mrs. B. Hinchcliffe Brown, a daughter.
NASH—Toronto, September 6, Mrs. Harry C. Nash, a son.
ROSE—Toronto, August 23, Mrs. Alexander Rose, a daughter.

Marriages

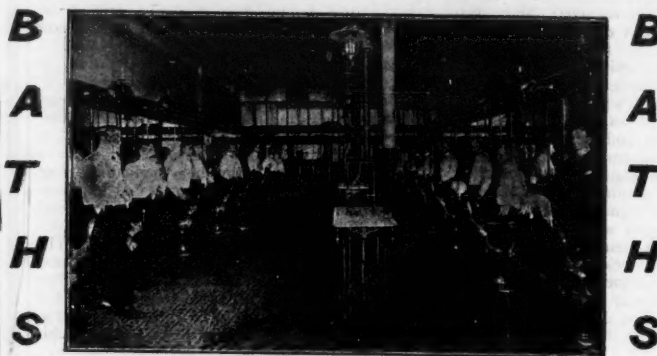
BOURNE—DAVY—On Tuesday, September 5th, at All Saints' church, by Rev. A. F. Barr, Josie M. Davy to Horace W. Bourne, both of Toronto.
MCINTOSH—McDONALD—At Christ church, Meaford, on Wednesday, September 6th, 1903, by the Rev. T. H. Brown, R. W. McIntosh of Meaford, to Maude McDonald of Meaford.
THORNE—HOUGH—At St. Margaret's church, Toronto, by the Rev. J. F. Rounthwaite, on Thursday, August 31st, Mr. Albro Manning Thorne, manager Hubbs and Howe Company, Toronto, to Helen, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hough, No. 6 Portland street.
AGASSIZ—WALKER—Brockville, August 20, Edith Haiselden Walker to E. Claud Garnault Agassiz.

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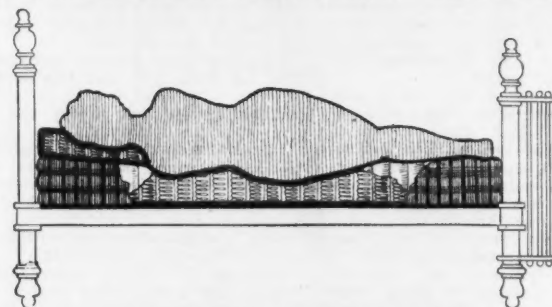
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BRENT—COVELL—Toronto, August 30, Pearl Covell to Walter W. Brent.

BRYSON—BROWN—Rosseau, September 5, Edith Buckland Brown to George Frederick Bryson.

COPELAND—GEHL—New York, August 31, Annie Monterey Gehl to Robert James Copeland.

GILLESPIE—MORRISON—Toronto, September 6, Mary Edith Morrison to R. E. Gillespie.

HALL—BRADBURN—Toronto, September 6, Florence Gertrude Bradburn to F. J. A. Hall.

HANEY—SAUL—Toronto, August 30, Annie M. Saul to Fred A. Haney.

HILLOCK—BEATTY—Toronto, September 6, Laura L. Beatty to John F. Hillock.

MAULSON—TUCKETT-LOWRY—September 4, Virginia Tuckett-Lowry to Victor Maulson.

MCGILL—MCDONALD—Toronto, September 6, Ida McDougal to Daniel McGill.

STEELE—MCDERMOT—Parkdale, September 1, Clara Wilcox McDermot to James R. Steele.

Deaths

BULLOCK—Gananogue, September 3, William Bullock, aged 72 years.

CERRERY—Grace Hospital, September 4, Kennedy Cerrery, aged 76 years.

CROAKE—Haileybury, September 5, Michael Croake.

DALGLEISH—Mrs. William A. Dalgleish, aged 21, died at her home, 385 York Street, Toronto, September 6, Eva Mc-

Causland Frind.
HOLMES—September 6, Mrs. Mary Holmes.

HUGGARD—Toronto, September 4, Kathleen Frances Huggard, aged 9 years.

MCGUIRE—Norway, September 1, Vincent McGuire, aged 12 years.

MURISON—Toronto, September 4, Rev. George Ross Murison, Ph.D., aged 39 years.

PATTERSON—Toronto, September 5, Captain John Patterson, aged 63 years.

WATSON—September 3, Mrs. C. W. Watson, aged 66 years.

WHITEHEAD—St. John's Hospital, Toronto, September 4, Mrs. C. J. Whitehead, aged 63 years.

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